Vol. CV.—No. 1362] JANUARY 22, 1930 [Registered as a Newspaper

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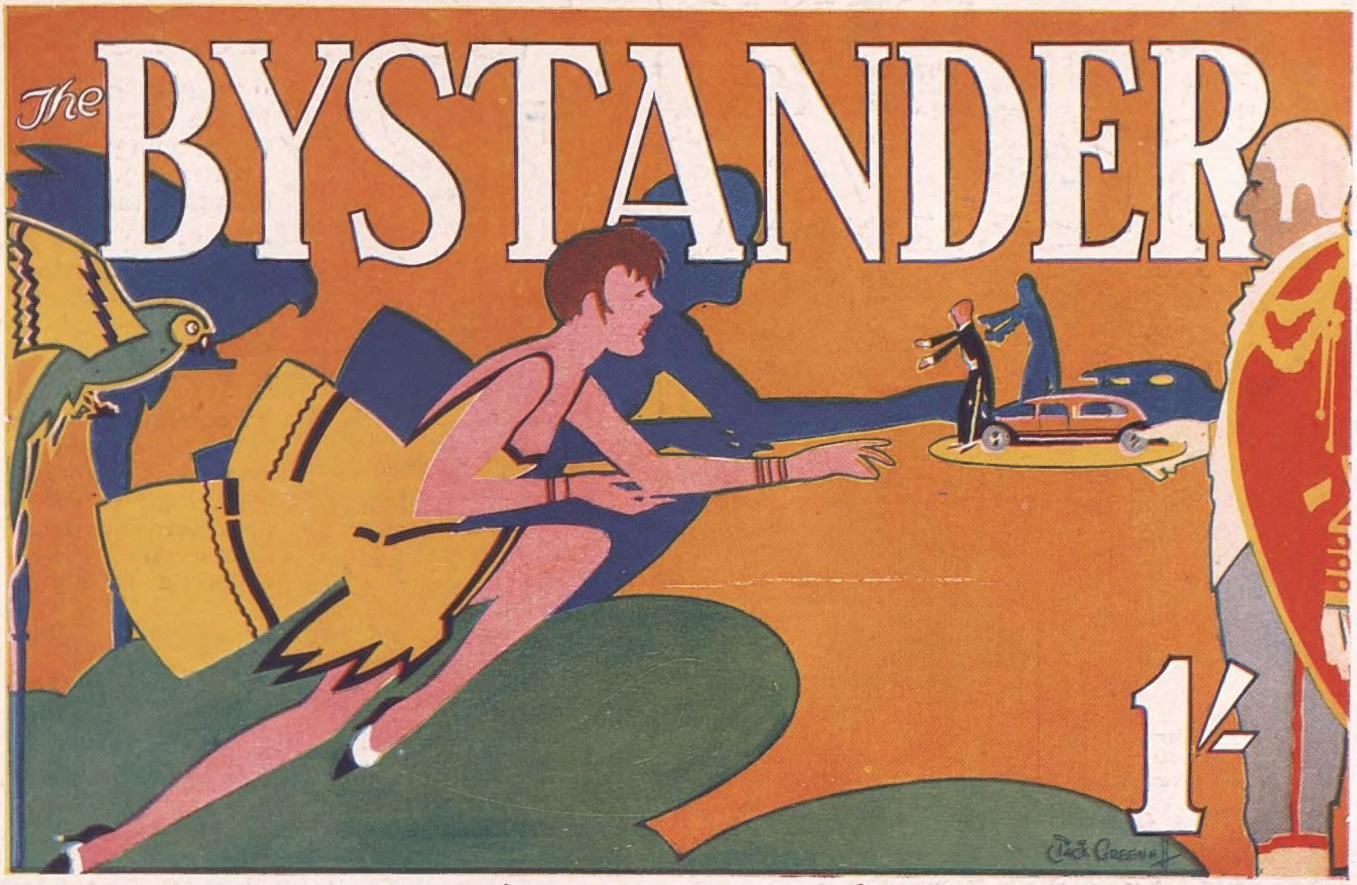

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TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

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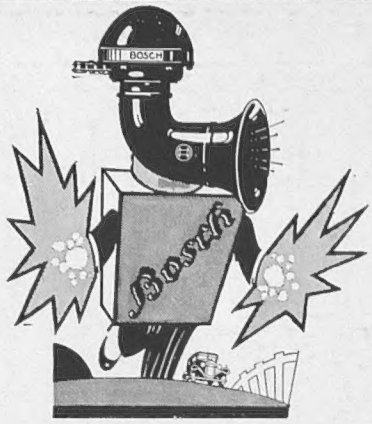

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in

The Illustrated

SPORTING & DRAMATIC News

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The Bystander, January 22, 1930

No. 1362. Vol. CV

the BYSTANDER

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS-HAMILTON

G.P.U.

The younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon arriving for a meet of the South and West Wilts which was held at Pyt House, Tisbury. Lady Margaret's wedding to Mr. James Drummond-Hay will take place next month

The Thrill of Ski-Jumping

J. Loopurgt taking the leap during the International Ski-jumping competition held at Pontresina, Switzerland. Many well-known skiers entered for this competition, which provided some exciting sport

Howard Ford, one of the two English entries, who jumped 41 to Guy Nixon's 43 metres in the recent ski-jumping competition which was held at Wengen

Central News

The Misses Susan, Malise, and Anne Wilson, daughters of Colonel Guy Wilson, chatting with a friend whilst waiting for their horses at the meet of the York and Ainsty (South) Hunt at Copmanthorpe, near York

The Passing Hour

THE return of the King and Queen to London this week for the opening of the Naval Conference will revive a social activity that had dwindled with the exodus of many abroad and to the country. Restaurants, forsaken for a round of hunt balls and country house parties, will fill again with the advent of the innumerable delegates and their families, their attachés, experts and secretaries, who will daily attend the Conference at St. James's Palace. The Government will naturally give several receptions and banquets on their behalf, the various Embassies will issue invitations to meet their respective envoys and London hostesses, not to be eclipsed in the round of entertainments, will exert themselves to extend their hospitality towards the representatives of the Five Powers.

One wonders, in the midst of this hectic pursuit of "parity," what our Royal Navy thinks of this international combine to whittle down the number and strength of its ships.

Apprehension in the Navy

THE Navy, with the prospect of the Conference further reducing its ships, is by no means confident of its future, and I have met many officers who have been tentatively examining the chances of starting a new life in the City, though the times are hardly propitious to approach harassed stockbrokers for jobs. Those who left the Navy with some trepidation at the time of the Geddes' axe have now reason to congratulate themselves, although, if promotion is considerably slower to-day, I believe the First Lord has given his assurance that whatever the reductions in our sea-power there will be no further decrease in the personnel, though how far it is wise to accept the pledges of politicians is another question.

Adventure in the Sahara

THE more easily accessible winter resorts seem to be considered insufficient for the modern craving for excitement. A certain famous tourist agency, not a hundred miles from Piccadilly, has even introduced a big-game shooting department, where those who wish to hunt with camera or gun may have expeditions arranged

Topical Press

ENGLAND'S YOUNGEST HUNTSMAN

Pat Pickersgill at the Children's Meet of the Essex Foxhounds at South Weald, Brentwood. He is the eleven-year-old son of the Master, Mr. J. Pickersgill, and a keen rider to hounds

SOCIETY EXPLORERS IN THE SAHARA

Vyvyan Poole

Capt. Herbert Dixon, M.P., at a meet of the County Down Staghounds, near Belfast. He is a Member of both the English and Northern Ireland Parliaments and a noted figure on the Turf, being a Steward of the Irish National Hunt Committee and a prominent owner

and organised for them with the minimum of discomfort and the maximum of not too strenuous adventure. I recently wrote of the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Sibour's forthcoming flight to Arabia and Mr. and Mrs. Lee Guinness's search for hidden treasure off the west coast of Africa. Now I hear of yet another expedition, and one to be made entirely unaided, save for an additional driver, by Sir Philip and Lady Brocklehurst, who spent best part of the early winter hunting with the Meynell. They are setting out in two motor lorries to cross the Sahara on the way from Algiers to Khartoum, a distance of about six thousand miles. They experienced an even more arduous journey some years ago when Sir Philip and his wife covered a thousand miles on camels to El Fasher, the capital of Dar Fur, which is their objective on this present trip. However, as Sir Philip Brocklehurst was a member of the British Antarctic Expedition in 1907, the desert must be quite an armchair adventure for him.

The All-conquering American Accent

FILM first nights now scintillate with as many celebrities as do those of the theatre proper, particularly so at Mr. Cochran's house, the London Pavilion, which has followed up the Shakespeare - Fairbanks collaboration with Ronald Colman ("Your own Film Star") in "Condemned," which is certainly one of the very best talking films I have yet seen. Curiously enough, "our film star," to reiterate the words of the advertisements that played upon our national pride in having an Englishman as a star in the Hollywood constellation, has acquired a more American accent than the Americans who acted with him. He may be excused, for even the occasional visitor to New York, however, acquires an accent and an actor, whose success depends on his imitative capacity, must be doubly susceptible. Sitting

Sport and General

JULIUS CÆSAR'S DESCENDANT?

Councillor Julius Cæsar, a Weymouth chemist, who claims to be a direct descendant of the great Roman Emperor. He has gone to Rome to try to trace his ancestry

L.N.A.

Lady Victor Warrender and her son John, who is making friends with the hounds. They are seen at a recent meet of the Belvoir, which was held at Harlaxton Manor

WHERE CABARET IS ACCLAIMED

Topical Press

Miss Jean Faudell-Phillips (left), Lady Georgiana Curzon, Lady Elizabeth Fremantle, Miss Viola Cuthbert, Miss Joyce Goschen and Miss Judy Dawson. They are seen at Heron Court, Christchurch, where the Earl of Malmesbury recently gave a house party

Topical Press

Viscount FitzHarris, the heir of the Earl of Malmesbury, and some of his guests setting out from Heron Court, Christchurch, for a shoot over the estate. A ball had been held at Heron Court on the previous evening

in front of me with red hair coiled about her ears was one whom many declared to be Elinor Glyn, but Mrs. Glyn is in America at this moment, and this was not the authoress, but her sister, Lady Duff-Gordon. Elsewhere in the audience were Lady Plymouth, Lady Plunket, with Mr. Frankie Leveson, with whom she frequently gives exhibition dances, and the Hon. Sir Harry Stonor. Sir Harry, who is still a first-class shot, despite indifferent eyesight, was with Mrs. Hwfa Williams, whose glory as an Edwardian hostess is still fresh in many memories, incidentally it was she and her husband who inaugurated Sandown Park.

An Ensemble Splendide

DURING the past year or so the development of the individual entertainment at supper and dance restaurants, in imitation of the Paris resorts, seemed to indicate that the more elaborate cabaret was no longer popular. However, the Splendide has opened the New Year with a spectacular splash of cabaret, picturesque clothes, picturesque girls, and those vivacious gaieties that expel for a while dark thoughts of inland revenue and all other demands. Judging by the numbers at the Splendide, and their evident enjoyment, cabaret might only have been discovered this year, but that is probably explained by the show's spontaneity.

A Grecian Cabaret

THERE was talk of another cabaret during the evening, a Greek cabaret, together with a Greek frieze and a Greek supper, the Delphic Oracle and Greek limericks, all of which are to embellish the Golden Fleece Ball that takes place next week at Lady Stavridi's house at Lennox Gardens on January 28. I am most interested in the limerick competition, in which you

Rita Martin

Pamela Delance Long, the twelve-year-old girl with whom the Prince of Wales danced during the crossing-the-line celebrations held on board the Kenilworth Castle, in which he travelled to Africa

SOCIETY ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR

L.N.A.

Mr. C. E. W. Mackintosh, who won the British Ski-ing Championship at Mürren. There was a varied programme, including a long distance race in which many well-known sportsmen participated

can compete, even if you cannot go to the ball, by sending a limerick, in any language, accompanied by a donation for the Save the Children Fund. Here is a witty specimen that will tax your ingenuity to excel.—

You must take to the Ball of the Golden Fleece
Your sister, your brother, your nephew, your niece;
When you get there you'll find
You've been even more kind
To yourselves than to little Blind Babies in Greece.

At Cannes

LORD DERBY certainly is one of the most versatile people I know, writes our Riviera Correspondent, for he seems absolutely at home on any sort of occasion. Yesterday he made a really excellent speech (in French) in thanking the Mayor of Cannes for the Freedom of the City, which had just been presented to him. I never saw such a crowd of English people, and I fancy the Town Hall has never been so packed before. There was not an inch of space to be had anywhere, and with the whole place lavishly decorated with flowers and plenty of English and French flags in the town, one experienced the real Entente Cordiale feeling.

Central Press

Miss Margaret Northwood preparing for a spin on the ice at St. Moritz

All the well-known English folk on the Riviera seemed to have got together for the occasion, and I saw Lord Wester Wemyss, Lord Aberconway, with Sir Henry and Lady Norman, also Sir Howard D'Egville, Sir Alan Johnstone, Sir Edward Lucas, Lady Queenborough, Sir Laming and Lady Worthington-Evans, Sir Hesketh Bell, Sir Harry and Lady Brittain, Colonel and Mrs. Cunliffe-Owen, Lady Trent, Sir Arthur Crosfield, Sir Albert and Lady Levy, Sir Francis Elliot, Sir Charles and Lady Mandleberg, and so many more that I cannot remember them all.

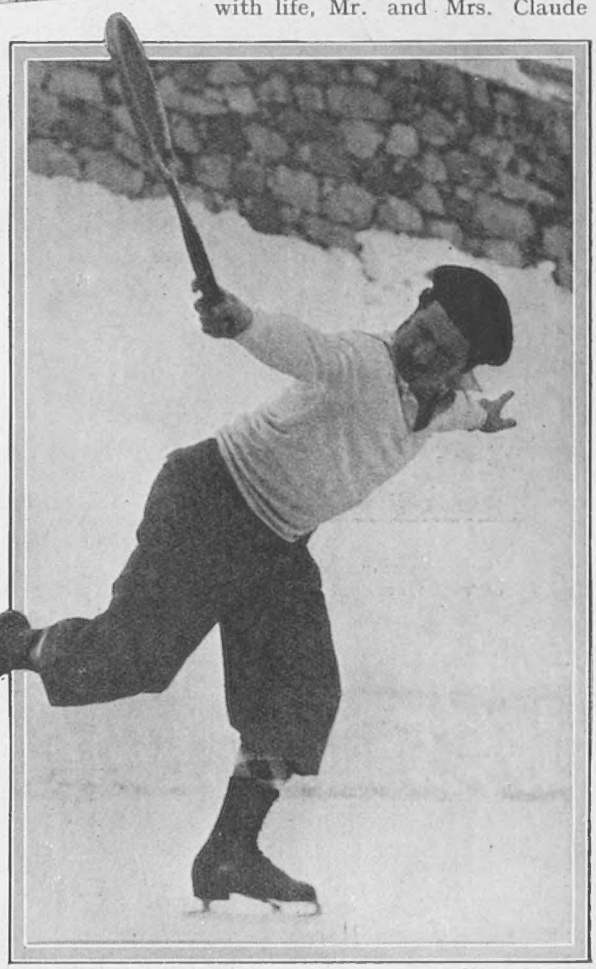
Lord Derby held a very short informal reception after the ceremony, in which all his friends crowded round to offer their congratulations, and afterwards he laid a beautiful wreath on the War Memorial close by.

There is plenty going on in Cannes just now, and quite a lot of people are bathing off the Plage du Midi, although I, personally, cannot quite bring myself to do it. Sir Harry Brittain and his son and daughter, however, are very keen swimmers, and were amongst those who took part in the New Year's Day competitions.

On the Plage

MANY people who do not actually bathe go down to the Plage in the mornings, as it is a cheery and most entertaining place, and last time I was there I saw Lady Lavery with her husband, Sir John Lavery, who was regarding the whole scene with such a pensive eye that I felt quite certain that he must be meditating on the idea of a possible picture.

As usual, if you want to "see life" at Cannes in the mornings you walk along the Croisette, and there I saw Mr. and Mrs. Michael Arlen arm in arm, and looking (as they always do) extremely happy and contented with life, Mr. and Mrs. Claude



Central Press

A member of the Oxford University Ice Tennis Team practising on the Grand Hotel Rink at St. Moritz in readiness for the match against Cambridge. The novel sport, where the balls and court are marked in a deep red, attracted a large number of spectators

ROYALTY ON THE TENNIS COURTS

Sport and General

Lady Hermione Lytton, daughter of the Earl of Lytton, who travelled from England to Mürren in order to obtain her father's consent to her engagement. She is seen with her fiancé, Mr. Cameron Cobbold, who is the only son of Lieut.-Col. C. Cobbold and general manager of the Italian Excess Insurance Company in Milan

(Oval) A photograph of the Marquess of Donegall and Miss Margaret Whigham, who are stopping at St. Moritz. The Marquess is very keen on winter sports and always leads a most active life when in Switzerland

Grahame-White, both in yachting costume, and swinging along at a great rate, also Sir John Aird, who is a very well-known visitor in the South of France.

The Hon. Mrs. Fellowes and her husband are off again, and the Sister Anne has slipped back into Monaco harbour for a few days before they set off to Egypt for a short cruise, where, by the way, I hear that Colonel and Madame Balsan are also going very soon. Sir Laming and Lady Worthington-Evans are going back to London this week, but I saw ever so many new people yesterday.

Mlle. Lya de Putti is a lovely person who is very "easy to look at," as I heard an American say the other morning after she had just passed us on the Croisette. Lady Millicent Hawes is in Cannes now, and Princess Daisy of Pless has just got into her villa out at Napoule.

The ex-King of Portugal and his wife are coming as usual to the Grand Hotel next week. Like the King of Sweden, ex-King Manoel enjoys nothing better than a good game of lawn tennis, and he is one of the most regular players on the Cannes Club courts.

The Duchesse de Vendôme went off to the Royal Wedding in Rome, but will be back at her villa shortly. Sir John Trelawny is here, also Sir George Stanistreet, who is getting over his recent motor accident in Picardy.

On the Polo Field

I WENT out to see the first polo match at Mandelieu, and thought that Major Phillip Magor was playing very well. His team just won by the narrowest of margins, and there was not a table to be had in the club-house, as everyone seemed to have come out with a party of friends to see the game. Prince Lotfallah I saw, also the Ranee of Pudukkotta, who really is looking lovely this winter, Sir Harry Norman, the Marquis Meyronnet de Saint Marc, and Prince and Princess de Bourbon, and Colonel Brownlow Mathew-Lannowe, who was here, there and everywhere. It was an excellent fast game, and if this lovely weather continues the ground will be just perfect, as it is hardening up well.

I went for a pleasant run (incidentally in one of the cars which is competing in the Automobile Rally at the end of the month) down into Italy for the day, where we first stopped (as I always like to do) at Vintemiglia, where I procured a real armful of scarlet and white carnations for such a reason-

Photographs Central Press

Mr. Jack Page, the British Amateur Skating Champion, giving an exhibition on the Palace Rink at St. Moritz. His partner is Miss Leonie Wilson, his fiancée

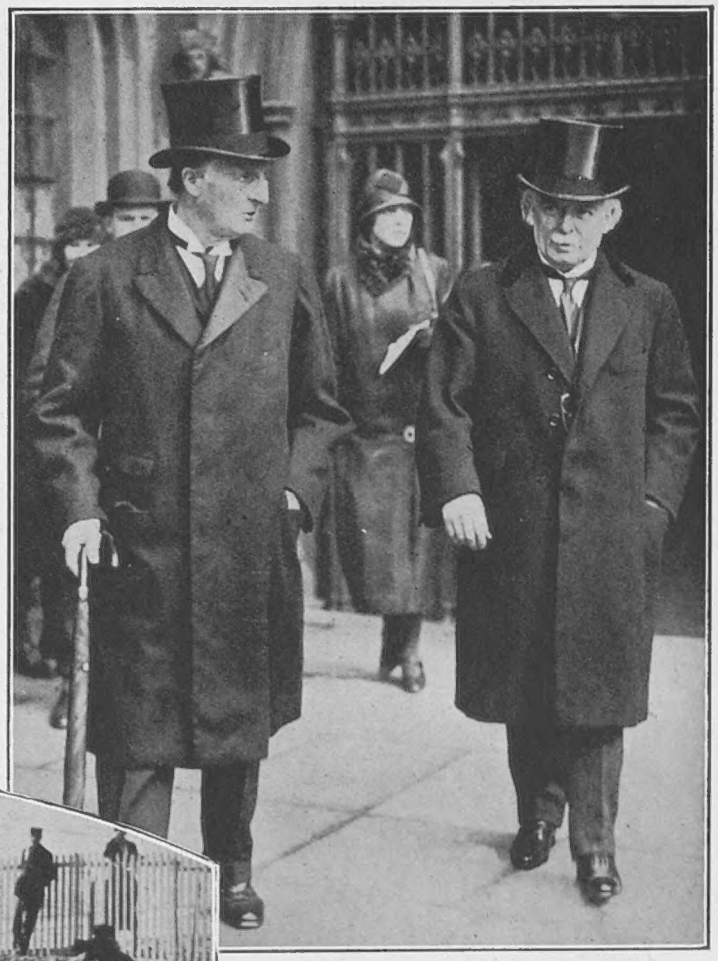
AUTOGRAPH FIENDS AT MONTE

able amount of francs that I cannot expect you to believe me if I tell you what they actually cost. The flower market there is perfect, and luckily it was a real blue and gold Riviera day, so that I simply purred with pleasure at it all. Then we went on past Bordighera (where they have a darling little English tea room in an orchard, which I will tell you more of later) and got to San Remo for lunch. We went to the Royal, which is one of the nicest places to stop at that I know, as there is always plenty to do, for they have some really good lawn tennis courts in the grounds, and make a feature of having plenty of good dancing (and how well the young Italians do dance) in the evenings, and a really adequate band.

After lunch I prowled down the sea front for my favourite walk under the palm trees, and saw amongst other passers-by the Archbishop of New York, Cardinal Hayes, who was breaking his journey there from Rome to the United States. There is plenty to do in San Remo, and one can spend a very enjoyable time there.

Lawn Tennis at Monte

MONTE CARLO has gone lawn tennis mad this week, and now that William Tilden is really here playing on the courts each day people fall over themselves to go and see him. He and Kozeluh, the holder of the world's professional championship, had some practice games together, which made everything look so appallingly easy that I, who looked on, began to think that tennis is but mere child's play.



Central News

Lord Grey of Falloden and Mr. Lloyd George. On becoming president of the Liberal Party, the former shook up the disintegrated remains of the Party by his attack on his colleague, who riposted with true Celtic fire and vigour

WHERE WINTER'S WORTH WHILE *Keystone View*

The storms and gales which have been the lot of this country have found no counterpart on the Riviera, where the winter has been remarkably clement. Bathing dresses are far from uncommon and the party seen above at a game of medicine ball on the beach at Nice are by no means spartans of the Serpentine-all-the-year order

RACING HINTS *By "Old Orkney"*

Turf enthusiasts who are following my advice and backing the horses named here until they win have cash in hand. Among my winners since the commencement of the jumping season are

MAKBAR, won 20 to 1;
POLISH PATRIOT, won 20 to 1;

and to support these long-priced successes there have been Family Hope, Byron, Laminaria, Two Royals and First Offence, all winners at good odds. Several horses previously referred to have yet to run. Follow them up and add to the list six more, which are appended.

SPECTROSCOPE. In a field of twenty-two was backed down from 8 to 1 to 9 to 2, and started favourite for the Stayers' Handicap Hurdle (two miles and three-quarters) at Lingfield. Finished ninth. Losses will be recovered.

APRIL FOOL. Mr. R. Wigram's gelding was backed like a "good thing" for the Leckington Selling Steeplechase (two miles) at Derby. Opened at 4 to 1 and closed favourite at 7 to 4. Ran well and finished third.

VENETIAN STAR. Was fifth in a field of eighteen and started favourite, after "blower" investments, for the Wolsey Selling Handicap (two miles) at Hurst Park. Was third earlier in the week at Gatwick.

SCORPION. A greatly improved jumper and was quietly supported at Derby and Birmingham. Beat some good horses when finishing second to Privit's Pride at Derby.

GOLDEN GAUNTLET. Long odds were taken by "blower" representatives at Derby, but could only finish seventh in the Elivale Hurdles (two miles). Was previously fifth to Orbril at Wolverhampton.

BENJAMIN CHERRY. Is running into winning form. Finished second to the well-backed Redshank (over two miles 310 yards) in the Norbiton 'Chase at Hurst Park. Was fifth over two miles at Birmingham earlier in the week.

MORE ABOUT PROCONSULS

DEFEATISM

By "Kim"

LET us watch this Naval Disarmament Conference very, very closely. A joke's a joke, but when the *Daily Express*, a supposedly Imperialist newspaper, lauds the virtues of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and with fatuous flattery says that he "entirely commands their confidence," meaning the public's, it is really going a bit too far. When a Naval Conference is called in London it may be—I hope it won't be—a prelude to surrender. The Americans, who repudiate the League of Nations which their own Woodrow Wilson set as a trap for others, come so hastily to the bidding of our Mr. MacDonald that we wonder what dish he may have promised them when he was closeted with President Hoover in Washington.

I DON'T like the slogan "parity." The Yankee language is not always the same as ours. Before the war there was a hullabaloo if our politicians talked of even a two-power standard. To-day we have sunk to below a one-power. We are dangerously inferior to the United States to-day in ships, men, and armament. We have put our cards on the table to show the needs of our far-flung Empire, but what of our American friends? Surely we have a perfect right at this juncture to ask: Why did they work up their Strong Navy campaign? Against whom is it directed? Have we forgotten that the United States threw down the gauntlet with their Munroe Doctrine and that at any time it might lead to a grave situation? The American nation to-day is not so stabilised that we can afford to take it on trust. The figures of ten years of Prohibition are shrieking at us. Deaths from drink 35,000, arrests 550,000, gang wars and murders uncounted, and British ships fired on and seized in the blessed cause of Prohibition. Let us hope for the best, but our watchdogs must take very good care not to be deceived by any bare bones flung at them

Sport and General

Lord Irwin, the Viceroy of India, being received at Viceroy House by Sir John Thompson on his arrival at Delhi. The attempt to wreck the train in which he travelled was fortunately unsuccessful

Keystone

Lord Irwin, inspecting native Boy Scouts at Travancore, Madras Presidency. The dowdiness of his twill suit in a country where panoply counts for a great deal forms a striking contrast to the photograph seen below of the Governor of Madras in full dress uniform

Klein and Peyerl

Lieut.-Colonel the Rt. Hon. Sir George Frederick Stanley, the Governor of Madras. The fourth brother of the Earl of Derby, he was appointed to the post last year

IF only we had strong national-minded leaders! One wonders when "Jix," one of the principal members of the late Cabinet, writes an article to criticise the weakness of Lord Irwin in India, although he tactfully refrains from making any allusion whatever to the fact that he was one of the responsible Cabinet that sent him there! If that is not a confession of failure I don't know what is.

THE Viceroy meantime is surrounded by a strong personal bodyguard, and is as much in danger of assassination as ever was the late Czar of Russia. Weakness begets violence and defeatism is fatal to any state, let alone an Empire. And now the Army estimates are to be cut down by a million and a half to provide the wherewithal to help to pay doles to boys and girls. We surrender national safety to buy votes.

"KIM."

AT THE PLAY

A PERFORMANCE GIVEN IN TWO

"French Leave," at the Vaudeville Theatre. Lieut. George Graham expatiating upon the charm and beauty of Juliette gives her husband, Captain Glenister, a severe attack of toothache

REVIVALS, at the moment, are the order of the day. Many are almost ripe for production and the one first night which there has been since the spate of Christmas attractions was *French Leave*, by Reginald Berkeley—first seen nearly ten years ago—which looks as if it would do well at the Vaudeville.

THIS comedy possesses a theme which is not exactly original, for many plays have been written round a husband who is jealous of his wife but finds it inexpedient to admit the relationship. A farce called *Jane*, in which Charles Hawtrey, Lottie Venne, Charles Brookfield and William Blakeley made a brilliant quartette in years gone by, had the same root idea.

BUT fresh plots are almost impossible to come by, it is in the working out that originality must be looked for, and the author of *French Leave* was the first to seize upon the background of the war to picture, once again, the old situation, and he has done his work well, for he has relied not only upon situations — which, in the second act, verge on the farcical—but upon showing well-observed character studies.

IN the Mess Room of a Brigade resting out of the line complications ensue, thanks to the fact that the wife of Capt. Harry Glenister bribes the owner of the house, Madame Denaux, to occupy a room there and pass herself off as Madame's daughter. The Captain's delight at seeing her is mitigated by the fact that such a visit is contrary to Army Regulations. Were the true relationship acknowledged the Captain would be court-martialled!

THIS horrid thought precludes his dealing firmly with young Lieut. George Graham and the elderly Brigadier-General Archibald Root, C.B., D.S.O., when they fall for the attractions of one whom they fondly suppose to be a Parisian actress. His lips are sealed and he can only writhe in agony! It is only when she is suspected of being a spy that the truth is blurted out and a comedy ending achieved, thanks to the benignance of the Brigadier-General.

IN this revival there is some uncommonly good acting. Charles Groves repeats his clever performance as Corporal Sykes, the Brigade Mess Corporal, a performance which is made all the funnier by the restraint with which it is played. Good character sketches of a mess waiter, an interpreter and the French landlady are given by Frederick Burtwell, Emlyn Williams and May Agate. Edward Scott-Gatty as the impressionable lieutenant is delightfully easy and natural, and James Raglan wrestles successfully with the

Brigadier-General Archibald Root, C.B., D.S.O. (Charles Laughton). Juliette (Madeleine

KEYS — By Vernon Woodhouse

thankless part of the jealous husband. Another good performance is that of Madeleine Carroll as his wife. She looks and acts attractively, and longer experience will doubtless give her voice a trifle more sympathy than it has at present. All these parts are played in the spirit of true comedy.

CHARLES LAUGHTON, however, as the Brigadier-General, acts throughout in the key of farce. His walk is more than eccentric, it is grotesque. He bellows one moment and whispers the next. His business is often of the broadest. He is not afraid of playing for the laugh, and it appears immaterial to him how he gets it, as when he kneels down and parts the tails of a British warm to display a vast expanse of pyjama seat! I am not saying that he is not funny.

possesses a warm heart which is set aflame by Carroll)

Corporal Sykes, who looks after the Brigade mess, is an old soldier equally conversant with cookery, pick-me-ups, love and war

He is! But he alone plays on such lines and the effect suggests a caricature by Rowlandson superimposed on a drawing by Hugh Thompson. If he is right in his conception of the part why, then, the rest of the company are all wrong, a conclusion with which I take leave to differ.

The Palladium

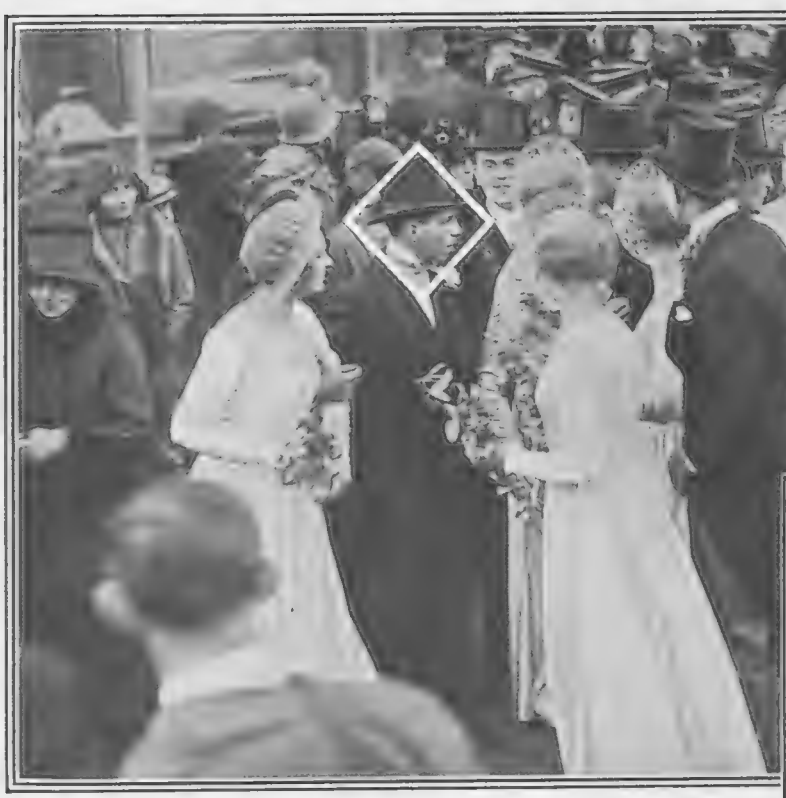
MUSIC-HALL sketches which are staged to give a theatrical star the chance of showing her paces are, as often as not, feeble to a degree, but *The Snob*, by Edwin Burke, in which Tallulah Bankhead once again appeared on a return visit to the Palladium last week, is much above the average, and the fair Tallulah herself rattled through the playlet with any amount of spirit. Another good turn was that of Walter Nilsson, whose incredible feats on a high bicycle did not prevent him from giving vent to some amusing patter. A bill which, in addition to these items, included Will Hay and George Hurd, a most entertaining juggler, can only be pronounced first-rate.

I MUST not forget that Maisie Gay was also in the bill, which leads me to suggest to Sir Nigel Playfair, who is shortly about to revive Sir Arthur Pinero's best farce, *Dandy Dick*, at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, that here is an actress who would be admirably suited for the part of Georgina Tidman, created by the late Mrs. John Wood. It would suit her comic style perfectly. V. W.

SKETCHES OF "FRENCH LEAVE" AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE BY H. H. HARRIS

The Brigadier-General and Madame Denaux (May Agate), though quite unable to understand a single word of each other's speech, are not averse from continuing to talk

ARE YOU ONE OF THE "STARS"?



Central News

At the wedding of Miss Brenda Murphy and Mr. W. P. Parry, of the Buffs, which took place at Canterbury Cathedral, the dresses were appropriately mediæval. The bridal attendants, seen leaving the Cathedral, wore blue panne velvet with gold halo headdresses, and the pages were dressed in blue trousers with ivory crêpe de Chine shirts

IN the three photographs of sporting and social events reproduced on this page are five persons selected haphazard round whose head a star has been placed. The Editor will have great pleasure in sending to each of these a guinea, as the penalty of being "starred," if they will kindly send him their names and addresses. Their identity should be verified by two friends, who need only sign the application and give their addresses. *Note:* This feature will be continued from week to week, so look out for it in our next issue and see if you are one of those selected

W. Dennis Moss

Sitting it out at the V.W.H. (Crickdale) Hunt Ball. Held at Bingham Hall, Cirencester, this function attracted a number of well-known Society people

WINTER SPORTS

Sport and General

A group of competitors photographed before the start of the ski-ing race for the "Roberts of Kandahar" Challenge Cup at Mürren. This is one of the most important ski-races held in Switzerland

Planet News

"We are children in crime over here," says Collinson Owen. Above is seen Edgar Wallace, our expert British criminologist, talking to Detective-Sergeant W. Balswick in the Chicago State Prison

AMERICA'S CRIME MARKET By Collinson Owen

Mr. Collinson Owen, the well-known publicist, recently returned from a study of sociological conditions in the U.S.A. and achieved a big success with his book, "The American Illusion." In this article he discusses the vast wave of crime which is swamping America

SITTING in a pleasant and hospitable New York club with a friend who, though he has been in the United States forty years, was born an Englishman, and remains one, I was told the following story.

A WOMAN friend of mine (said he) has a friend who is a nurse. Not long ago this nurse was returning home late from the hospital where she works. It was after midnight, and she took the Subway home.

THE car she entered was empty, except for three men sitting opposite. She was tired, and at first noticed nothing out of the ordinary. But after a time she became aware that the middle one of the three was looking at her with a fixed, almost glassy, stare. Feeling slightly uncomfortable under this scrutiny, she glanced at the other two men, and found that they also were looking at her. But while the middle man's scrutiny of her was vacant, theirs seemed menacing. They were rather tough-looking fellows, and she began to feel very uncomfortable.

THE train stopped at the next station, and she was glad to see a middle-aged couple come in. The couple sat down next to her, the man nearest her. The train had only been going again a few moments when the newcomer leaned towards her and said, almost casually: "Get out at the next station with us." The train stopped again, and she followed them out. As they gained the platform the man said: "That fellow in the middle of those three was dead!"

THIS was given as a true story, and there is no reason why it should not be. Stranger things have happened in New York, and will again. In any case it is artistically complete. It serves as a very good introduction to what, in my opinion, is the most fascinating social phenomenon in the world to-day; the extraordinary prevalence of crime in the United States, existing hand in hand with all that material wealth and progress of which we hear so much.

IN no period of the world's history has there been anything to parallel the situation we find in America to-day. There were faint similarities to it in Italy in the time of the Borgias, and in the period of our own Alsatia we had a miniature presentation of the astonishing conditions that exist in New York, Chicago, and other American cities to-day. But at no other time has there been such an amazing mixture of highly developed civilisation with free and unrestricted barbarism.

ENGLAND is gradually awakening to this extraordinary situation "over there." This may seem an unnecessary statement. Many people may think that we in England are already aware of the true situation. Our newspapers give us many cabled accounts of underworld affairs in New York and Chicago. At least ten per cent. of Hollywood's productions during the past few years have been devoted to crime in and around Broadway. Surely we know?

BUT we don't. Our newspapers report on crime fragmentarily, but do not comment on it or explain it. Our naïve audiences accept such productions as "Broadway" as mere "thick-ear" drama (as Sir Gerald du Maurier once described this sort of thing), whereas they are but faint, very faint, reflections of real life. England simply has not begun to understand the truth about crime in America.

Planet News

This man, Walter Crabtree, when arrested on a charge of drink smuggling by a Justice of the Peace, a gaoler, and a youth of eighteen who was hanging about, shot them all dead. He had a list on him of others whom he intended to murder

IN my recent book, "The American Illusion," I wrote: "America must learn to rule her crime, or crime will end by completely ruling her. The situation is almost bad enough to warrant a civil war to end it." That seems a strong statement, but it is by no means an over-statement. There are a thousand proofs of it every month.

AMERICA LEADS THE WORLD—IN CRIME!

IN the past few weeks alone we have had several extraordinary stories over the cables concerning outbreaks in gaols which surpass in ferocity and horror anything that the mind of a brilliant (and demented) fiction writer could conceive. This is "real life stuff," and, though a column comes over the cable, our public does not realise what it all means. Perhaps it is that they mix it all up with the films, and do not know how to disentangle fact from fancy.

ONLY a month ago (I find it in a cutting sent by a friend in California) Mr. William Randolph Hearst wrote this in a sort of encyclical to his people: "The American people cannot have a criminal situation such as now exists, and increasing constantly in menace, without something happening to them. . . . Drunk with prosperity, they think only of their own comfort and convenience, and worship only the golden calf, as the apostate Children of Israel did before the wrath of God fell upon them."

THAT is strong. But no words or warning or indignation can overpaint the situation. It is true that the nation as a whole behaves much as Mr. Hearst suggests. The state of affairs is so bad that they try to "forget it." But there are many thousands of Americans most earnestly concerned about it all, and acutely aware of the desperate danger that menaces the nation. They may not say it quite so freely to the visiting stranger as they do among themselves. One cannot blame them for that.

WHEN we compare our own conditions with America's we find that English crime is almost funny. If America can "forget" her affairs we can almost afford to make ours a subject of mirth, so mild is it. As the old year closed our newspapers pointed out with every gravity that during the preceding twelve months there had been no fewer than five unsolved murder mysteries! Tut, tut, how amusing! In that same period America's unsolved murder mysteries were numbered by the thousand.

The funeral of Michael Abbatemarco, who was murdered last October in a gangsters' war. He was buried in a coffin of silver and there were fourteen "autos" of flowers and seventy of mourners. The "autos" are seen arriving at the Church of Our Lady of Peace in Brooklyn, where a Low Mass was said for the soul of Abbatemarco, who murdered Frankie Yale, a gangster king. All the traffic was held up for this funeral orgy

Photographs *P. and A.*

"SLAYER OF SCHOOLMATE GRINS IN COURT"

This is the American caption concerning a Dago boy, Louis Torzella, accused, with three others, of murdering a boy of Irish origin, John Nolan, because he wore a wrist watch which his mother had given him. The photo shows his mother and little sister plus the watch

WE are children in crime over here. Certain of our more prolific writers of detective fiction have done their best. In their pages "The Yard" has quite a respectable trade in murder. Assistant Commissioners are always dashing out to have a look at somebody lying on the carpet somewhere in the West End. But this is only fiction. In fact, our crime industry is deader than any other, which is saying a great deal.

IF we stage a home-grown criminal we have to go back to that Victorian amateur, Charles Peace, who in the eyes of thousands of American professors of the gun would be regarded as a small-town beginner. Year by year in our Sunday newspapers our hoary old stories of ancient crimes are told, and told again. Our native criminologists do not even jib at serving up once more the sad story of Maria Martin, faute de mieux. It is pathetic!

YET week by week, year by year, the American newspapers are full of stories of violent, bloody and astonishing crime which really *do* beggar description. A three-months' gleaning in this rich storehouse of tragedy would provide more stories of extraordinary sudden death than the files of English newspapers during the past century. C. O.

BY LESLIE BUTLER

"Have you heard that Reggie has become rich at a single stroke?"
"No. How was that?"
"His wealthy uncle had the stroke!"

PARIS GOSSIP

TARIFFS & TUBES

By Sylvia Lyon

By Norman Kay

"A sudden Parisian interest in the doings of London Society"

JANUARY has taken the stage accompanied by a chorus of howls and complaints; first scream the theatre owners and night club directors, not from lack of patronage, but because their patience with the more or less amusement taxes is exhausted. Taxi rates are raised, and until the meters have been adjusted to the new legal eccentricity the taxi-driver is paid one franc above the registered fare. The theatres fear that this increase, plus the unfortunate midnight rate that strangely rises at ten-thirty, will discourage audiences. (But all the theatres need do is to allow one more French adaptation of such a play born bad at birth, like *The Shanghai Gesture,* reduced to *Shanghai* in Paris, in order to disgust their collective patrons in staying away from the theatre for ever. Jane Marnac plays Mother Goddam, and she is the most perfectly equipped actress in Paris to misinterpret a translated rôle. What she did last year to Sadie Thompson was a disgrace.) Gas and water rates have increased, as have the fares on the subways and autobus. But lest I become too economic in this article I will tell you a Metro. story of Parisian flavour.

THE other afternoon a girl friend who has been ordered to Chantilly for a rest-cure, with the result that she comes to town every day, and manages to miss the last returning train, so that she has to spend the night in Paris with friends, and it is her waiting mother who requires a doctor's attention, came to see me in a slightly hysterical condition.

"Do you ever take the Metro.?" she demanded, telling me to go on with my work, she would not disturb me at all.

"No," I answered, feeling very much out of things.

"Well," she went on, "I took a Metro. from the Gare St. Lazare, and sat next to a man who played footie with me. I was simply furious and changed my seat, and another man tried to play the same game. There was nothing to do but get off the train at the next station. Believe me or not, but as I went up the stairs another Frenchman gave me a slap! I must look provocative to-day. By the way, have you ever been slapped by a man on a bicycle? No? They love to hit you as they ride by on a bike, and the oncoming force is terrific. But one day I saw the slap coming, and hit the man over the face with my bag. He was so hurt and surprised that he fell off his bicycle, and two middle-aged Frenchmen standing nearby cried, 'Bravo! Bravo!'"

I.B.

WHERE THE TAN IS STILL FASHIONABLE

Spectators at the Barbados Agricultural Show, which is one of the most élite of social functions for the natives. It will be noticed that "Society" still favours the short dress

By Norman Kay

"Intellectuals will revel in the centenary of the Romantic era"

EVENTS of the week: the colourful installation of Cardinal Verdier at Notre Dame, all ecclesiastical and diplomatic officialdom present, and the absence of Government representatives, and the reports of the ceremony in the newspapers, with the allusion to the Cardinal delivering his address into a microphone as though it were some holy emblem, and my thinking that if any Anglo-Saxon reporter was to wax so poetic he would lose his job; the similar poverty of English and American descriptions of the peasants' parade during the Royal wedding in Rome, in comparison with the pictures evoked by the French papers; the return of the Royalist polemicist, Leon Daudet, to Paris, and the exaggeration of the welcome accorded him by papers of the Right; the performance of Beethoven's ballet *Prometheus* at the Opéra; the marriage of Miss Margaret Brown to the Comte de Chasseloup-Laubat, brother of the Princesse Achille Murat; France's

discovery of Eugenio d'Ors, and the astonishment that anybody but a Frenchman can think; the passing of the Théâtre Fémina; the news that Maurice Utrillo has gone completely ga-ga, an impression that I have always had of him.

THAT WAIST LINE

Miss Isabel Jeans, the actress, in an interview in the *Daily Mail*, strongly supports the natural waist line in women's fashions, and declares that the low or high line is never becoming.

SOME people now favour a waist line
That's either too low or too high,
So that it becomes a misplaced line
That seldom delights the male eye.
Regardless of Dame Nature's planning
They alter girl's figures to taste,
And all normal contours now banning,
Are extravagant even to waist.

The man who designed this wrong profile
I think of as naught but a blot,
And if ever I meet that low oaf I'll
Soon tell him exactly what's what!
Like Isabel Jeans, I am all for
The figure that's normal all round;
That's why I'm not likely to fall for
The waist that's nigh touching the ground.

But, Isabel, though I adore you
For taking your part in the fight,
I feel I must really implore you
To use all your 'suasion and might,
And visit those chiefs bureaucratic
Who squander our money like h—l,
And tell them in manner emphatic
To cut out their waste *line as well!*

B. W.

PRESENT tendencies: the sending of Anatole France into discard, and the current enthusiasm for novels based on peasant life; Jean Giono's "Un de Baumugnes"; the fad for collecting old menus, particularly the rather bitterly humorous ones of the 1870 Siege of Paris; a sudden Parisian interest in the reporting of doings of London Society—Parisians evidently becoming aware that Society exists in other capitals than Paris—and an increased interest in the New York and London theatre.

THIS year will see the Colonial Exposition to be held beyond the gates of Paris at Vincennes, and the centennial celebration of the conquest of Algeria; while intellectuals and sentimentalists will revel in the centenary of the Romantic era. The year, no doubt, will see the publication of a dozen more books on Marcel Proust, and the augmentation of more "collections," such as "La Vie Scabreuse de . .," "La Vie Douleureuse de . .," "La Vie Amoureuse de . .," etc. Hundreds of diatribes and lectures against the vulgarisation of the French language, American cinemas, and painted finger-nails. S. L.

FROM ABROAD

Wide World

The ever-young Mistinguett, as the Queen of the Ragamuffins, dancing with Earl Leslie at the Ragamuffins' Ball, which was held in a night club in the rue de Clichy, Paris

THE GLAMOUR OF THE BRIDAL GOWN

By Blanche B. Elliott

A going away ensemble in beige and brown tweed. The frock is made with a long tunic effect and high waist, and the short matching coat has a new scarf collar
Model Molyneux
Specially sketched in Paris for THE BYSTANDER

THE Spring Bride makes her appearance as regularly as the buds upon the trees, and the question of her trousseau takes weeks of planning. Although we are informed by the latest statistics that marriages are fewer, there still seems to be a goodly number of important ones that the world cranes its neck to see. Notable amongst these was the Royal wedding that took place recently amid such pomp and splendour at Rome.

PROBABLY no young maid's fancy could conjure up a more exquisite choice than that made by Princess Marie José in the beautifully simple frock of gleaming panne velvet which threw into contrast the gossamer fragility of the handworked Flemish lace veil, the regal touch being afforded by the border of royal ermine. Panne, incidentally, is a material that the Paris designers have been using a good deal in the newest fine chiffon texture which has such drapable qualities. It also has a certain substance which allows it to hang well, its gleaming, almost iridescent surface making the long train like a rivulet of changing light.

IT is a soft, heavy *molle* silk that Lanvin has chosen to create the wedding gown pictured by Scaioni. The long, close-fitting lines are particularly suitable to the simple, slim lines of youth. The glittering cap of paillettes and the quaint, long cuffs of tulle embroidered in paillettes give an original touch characteristic of Lanvin, and enhance in subtle contrast the dull, filmy chiffon veil. While the modern bride often chooses a pale colour or some departure from unconventional attire, in the end it is our stern background of tradition that generally wins out. It seems, too, that Nature herself has ordained that white should be the virginal choice. It is wonderful to see how even the most up-to-date young person will revert to an ancient practice and prefer the usual ceremony in which she is the central figure so as not to omit what is a vital incident in her life.

ONLY second in importance to the wedding gown is the going away frock, and Molyneux's charming little travelling suit of tweed sketched on this page would be a delightful suggestion. It shows the importance of the one-piece frock of tweed, and is worn here with an accompanying short coat which has a long scarf collar attached. The one-piece frock will increase in importance as the Spring comes. It has established itself as first favourite, whether worn with a long or short coat. Green will have an enormous vogue and is finding a big place in the Spring showings. A lovely deep shade of emerald is very good, also grass green, with which paler greens tone in so successfully.

TWEEDS continue to be worn a great deal, but the tweed hat, which so often accompanies the tweed suit, no longer matches it exactly—not when worn by the smart woman, that is. It is too fatally easy a mode to copy, which is enough to kill it right away. Fancy tweed hats are worn with *plain* tweed dresses and vice versa; just to make a variation, of course, and things a trifle more difficult. But it is an important edict and one that should be obeyed. Nothing kills a fashion sooner than its tendency to become universal, when the smart mondaine will drop it at once. That is why it is so important to learn of a new fashion as soon as it comes out and to adopt it before the rest. It gives one a pleasant feeling of superiority to know that some rich but lazy acquaintance is sporting an Agnès turban of the kind she was making two years ago, and to know she is doing something quite different now! The only mode that seems to defy death by popularity is the béret, and that is worn by smart and dowdy alike. Only there are ways of wearing it. Now it is to be made for Spring wear of some new soft straws in an altogether alluring manner.

THOUGH it is still a little early to talk of Spring clothes—and I shall save my most thrilling communications until I have seen the big collections—here are one or two little hints which may be useful. Flat furs will be worn on outdoor frocks as well as suits, so any little acquisitions you can make in this line in sale time will be an investment. These are, of course, such furs as breitschwantz, caracul, astrakhan or krimmer lamb; white lamb also is smart. The lingerie collar and cuff have come back to favour and will adorn our Spring frocks. With the importance given to the cuff and the new line to the collar, these are taking on a new lease of life. It should be remembered that they must be spotless and uncrumpled, which is more difficult to achieve in grimy old London than elsewhere.

IN any new fashion phase the question of furniture and style of furnishing, and even architecture, crops up afresh. It was almost inevitable that with the completely new style in dress the setting should be equally new. Modern woman therefore, in her present guise of softly flowing draperies, the almost Grecian line of beauty in her form, her sleek, small, yet well-groomed head, has called for a new background. This has taken the symmetrical lines of geometry with low horizontal lines and primitive circles and oblongs with a feeling for shining metals and natural woods. This "modern" trend is often confused in England with the stark ugliness of the first cubist exaggerations, but it is, in fact, far removed from it. It possesses a delicious simplicity in its cool, clear lines, its frosted glass lighting, its furniture of planes and squares. There is a great feeling for space, for uncrowded walls and rooms. With it goes a preference for soft neutral shades against which a frock and its wearer may be becomingly silhouetted.

WHEN making a new home, new ideas may be indulged in, and, being strictly utilitarian, these have other things to commend them besides originality. As one learns to apply such modern simplicity of line and design, so perhaps may we some day be rid of the terrible patternings with which the provincial manufacturers still torture us. Alice Meynell inveighed against these in what she called "our cheap and slothful" use of the flower for ornament. To find "a dry, woollen, papery, cast-iron garden everywhere in the patterned carpet, the table cover, the wallpaper, the bell-pull, the curtain, the cups, the finials of sofa and chairs. . . ." Thus may we in England learn again, as we once did, that in the greatest simplicity is the highest art; which applies to our attire as to our personal surroundings.

An exquisite simplicity marks this bridal gown from Lanvin. The heavy white silk outlines the figure in Princess effect and falls in statuesque folds into a long train. From the paillette cap clings a filmy chiffon veil, continuing to a train at the back. An original note is the long spangled tulle cuffs

Model Lanvin

if gossip we

YESTERDAY the Naval Conference began. St. James's Palace, for some little time to come, will be the scene of speechmaking, note-taking, polite references with an impolite meaning, temper-losing, temper-keeping, and the consumption of nothing stronger than orangeade, lemonade, and coffee by way of refreshments, in order that the susceptibilities of Prohibition America (where more people die of alcoholic poisoning in a week than they do over here in a year) shall not be offended. This last may be taken as a favourable omen for America. We have given way over the liquids. So it looks uncommonly as if we shall give way over the sea. I would only ask whether, if the Conference had been held in Washington, whisky and soda would have been served in order to fall in with British tastes and susceptibilities, to say nothing of a spot of vin blanc or Chianti for the French and Italians, since sea-songs and Chiantis would be an apt combination. To this sentence I should have prefixed the word NUM, which, according to my fragmentary recollection of Latin, was always used when "No" was expected as an answer.

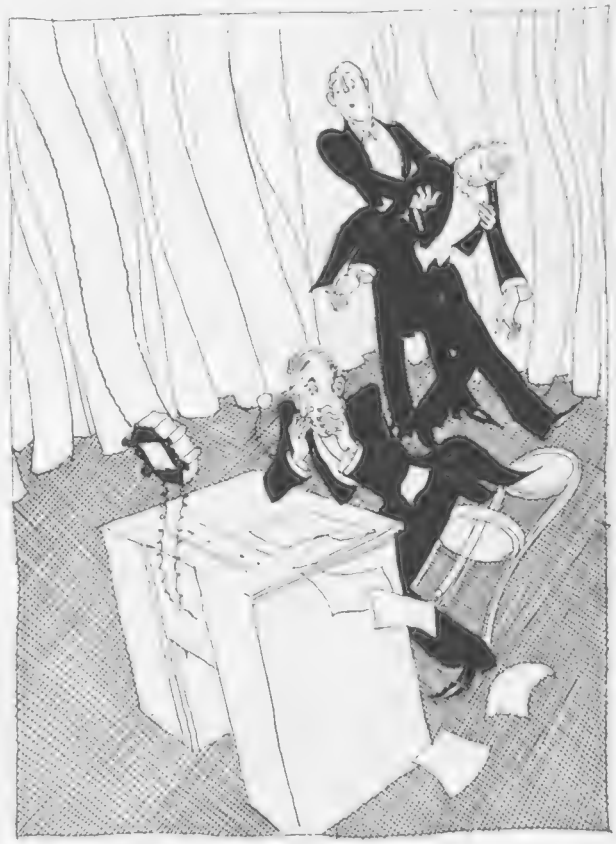
L.N.A.

The Cambridge President, Mr. H. M. Warriner, chatting to the Rev. Conrad Skinner, who was the Cambridge cox in 1910-12. Both Varsities are hard at work for the Boat Race

IT is too early yet to realise what the delegates are up to. But it is as well that everyone should be aware at the very outset that our Navy is even more inadequate for defensive, let alone offensive, purposes. Lots of silly people, and some sensible ones also, have been shouting so much and so loudly that war among the Great Powers is inconceivable that our naval strength has already been cut down to a degree that is dangerous. This is Lord Beatty's opinion, definitely expressed, and he is no flag-wagging Jingoist and quite a big-enough man to be free from any charge of making merely an ex parte statement.

NOW for just a few facts. Is the British Navy the largest and most powerful in the world? Not by the long chalk cliffs of Dover. We have little more than half the flotilla leaders and destroyers of America, and far less than half their submarines. As to heavy guns, our capital ships carry 166 of these and the U.S. capital ships 192 of the same type. Our personnel is 99,800; that of the American Navy is 114,000, in addition to which Uncle Sam has a heavily armed Coastguard Service, employing 2,000 officers and over 10,000 men. Yet, in the words of Lord Balfour (in 1922): "America is wholly immune from the perils to which, from the nature of the case, the British Empire is subject." This country could be starved out in little more than a month. In spite of this, *with further reductions in view*, we have only 33 cruisers to protect 80,000 miles of sea communications and trade routes. So let those obliging nincompoops who are always only too ready to kow-tow to America on any pretext put that in their pipes of peace and smoke it.

FOND MOTHER: "Yes, we had hopes of getting hi difficult for him"
VISITOR: "Indeed. Now I should have thought tha been so much easier"



BY DONOVAN HEBDEN

IF HE ONLY WOULD: A TRAGEDY AT THE B.B.C.

A chief announcer drops an aspirate

MY "Passing Hour" colleague passed last week the sensible remark that, with drink regulations being tightened up (to put it inappropriately), "we shall soon read of a raid on the Athenæum or Reform Club to see if members are lingering over the port a few minutes after the stipulated

must

By Trever Evans

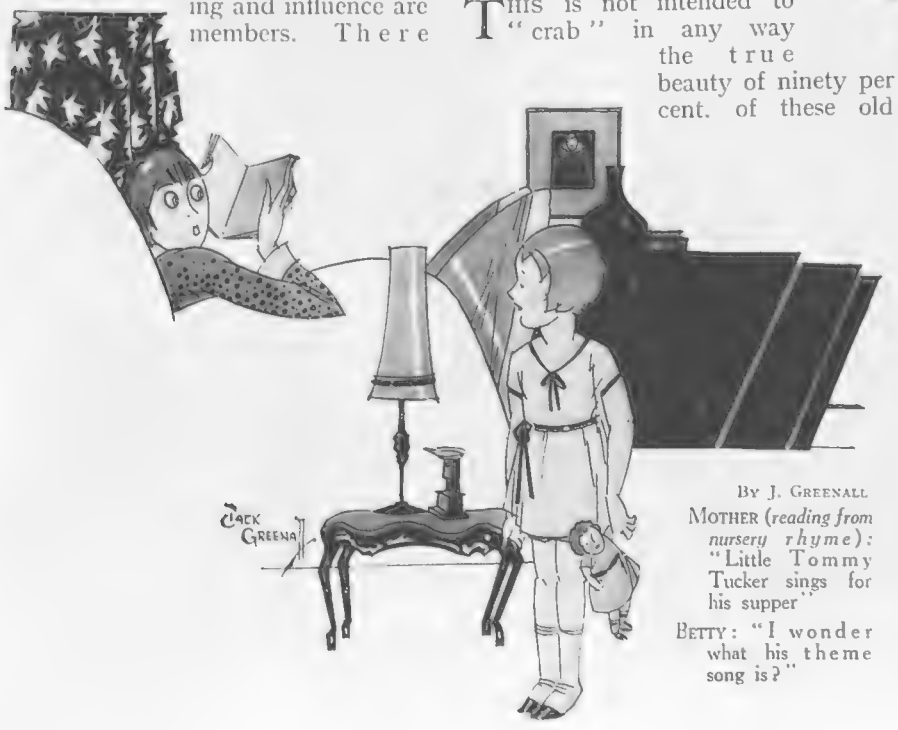
into the Navy, but he found the examination too

with this reduction of armaments war would have

hours." I wish to goodness such a raid would take place as soon and in as spectacular a fashion as possible. I should like to see policemen, armed with truncheons, pour into the Carlton, Reform, Union, United Service, Marlborough, and other spots where politicians and others of standing and influence are members. There would then be such a damnable protest and hullabaloo that the damsilly restrictions which still exist, however much they are evaded, would be swept away, utterly and finally, before one could say Lady Astor. As it is, it is usually only the poor little drinking dens off Shaftesbury Avenue that are raided, and those caught in the net are too timid, unimportant, or speckled about the escutcheon to protest with any effect.

THE knowledge on matters artistic of the huge crowds who are flocking to Burlington House to see the Italian Primitives is for the most part —well, primitive. Not all the Italian pictures are "primitives," but much the same rule holds good, namely, that this exhibition is packed largely because it is "the thing" to pack it. Whether or no they were done deliberately, the preliminary puffs were amazingly powerful and frequent, and from this point of view the buffeting of the good ship Leonardo da Vinci by a storm in the Bay of Biscay, with its precious load on board, was a godsend. Tales of the twenty, thirty, even fifty million pounds' value came along very usefully. So that now my daily taxi-drive down Piccadilly is made more costly by reason of the string of cars swinging in and out of those vast iron gates. Thus does a luxury trade put to inconvenience business folk in a hurry. This by the way.

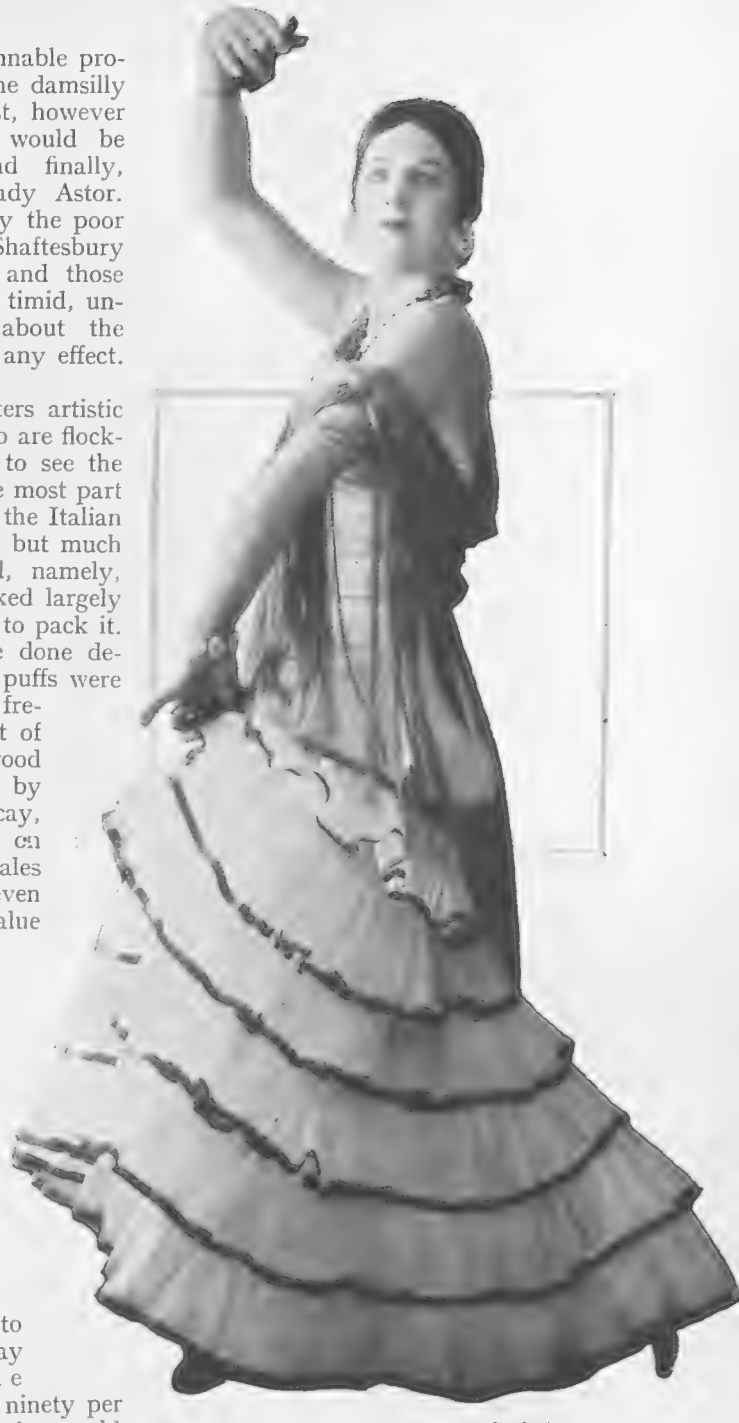
THIS is not intended to "crab" in any way the true beauty of ninety per cent. of these old masters, who, to start off with, knew how to draw—and then some. But, to get to the Botticelli of the matter, people are enduring dreadful discomfort in order to see them, or are getting up long before their usual hour to avoid that discomfort, whereas they don't care a Tintoretto's cuss about the many equally beautiful pictures in the National and Tate Galleries, which are not crowded. One woman told me that she had never been inside those galleries in her life, though she had visited the Italian Exhibition eight times in five



By J. Greenall

Mother (*reading from nursery rhyme*): "Little Tommy Tucker sings for his supper"

Betty: "I wonder what his theme song is?"



Raphael

Miss Yetta Lirbeste, the beautiful Dutch dancer in "Dear Love," now running at the Palace Theatre. She has danced a great deal on the Continent, and has appeared at Monte Carlo, Nice, Cannes and Paris

COMEDIANS WHO ARE COMIC

days. That is intellectual snobbery at its very worst.

To be the man of the moment, musically speaking, at five-and-twenty in this hard-driving twentieth century takes a deal of doing. Young Constant Lambert has won through, and he is a composer. With executants the job is easier, since to interpret is not so difficult as to create; yet, as the public sees them, they get more limelight (and more money). His "Rio Grande" is a masterpiece of choral and orchestral "painting," and there was no doubt about the genuineness of the statement that this work was being repeated at the Hallé Concert the other night "by special request." I have rarely seen the Queen's Hall so full or so enthusiastic. By the way, the composer's name is pronounced as spelt—that is to say, in the British fashion, for he happens to be British, the son of George Lambert, A.R.A., the portrait painter, and the brother of Maurice Lambert, the sculptor. I found plenty of precious young men in the interval at this concert talking of "Constong Lombare."

There was a rumour at one time that he was going to marry Anna May Wong. But I don't think, somehow, that he will.

A. R. Canf

"And I've given you the best years of my life!"
"I know, but why dig up the past?"

There has been a discussion in the daily Press as to who is the funniest comedian. This is about as profitless as seeking an answer to the question, "How long is a piece of string?" Very few funny men have a universal appeal. I yell at Leslie Henson, but there is another musical comedy comedian, almost as highly paid, who is the rage of the moment, who sends me straight to the bar, though not a few intelligent folk prefer him to Leslie. And so through all humanity.

But what about bringing up the question of the funny men whose names are not household words—of those who have, of course, their reputation, but who are not what is known as "West End"? The two funniest men I have seen this holiday season are Mr. George Jackley, of the Lyceum Theatre, and Mr. Dick Evans, who appears in a pantomime at Leeds. And it is not easy to be funny in Leeds.

The Lancashire Lassies whose dancing is one of the most attractive features of Mr. Bertram W. Mills's circus at Olympia. They are seen doing a joint high kick on the steps of a public building in Berlin, in which city they were appearing before returning to England last December

The good showing of the Corinthians, the only amateur side left in the third round of the Football Association Cup, serves as a reminder that those public schools which still turn a deaf ear to the blandishments of the Rugger "fan" are still capable of turning out first-class Soccer players. When the professional clubs which spend hundreds of pounds in transfer fees for crack players and devote weeks to training their men for this annual competition can be given not only a very good run for their money by a team of amateurs who spend five days out of seven in some sedentary occupation, but a good lesson in the finer points of the game, it makes one wonder if this vast expenditure of time and trouble is really worth while. For hard, keen play and clever team work the final of, say, the Arthur Dunn Cup will put most professional games in the background.

BY GEORGE WHITELAW

GEORGE WHITELAW'S WHO'S ZOO—No. 8

In the eighth of his new series of caricatures George Whitelaw shows us that pianist of mark, Hambourg, in the guise of an owl. We hasten to add that this does not mean the artist does not care two hoots for his playi

STEPPING IT O

An impression by Mundo of some of the well-known people who grace the dance floor at Ciro's Club, that perennially popular resort in Ora
Ferraro is seen discussing affairs of management with Mr. Montague Hobson, and Teddy Brown, he of the musical band and massive embo
of cricketing fame and Miss Sammut. On the left of the dance floor the white-haired Mr. Frank W. Baker and the black-haired Miss St.
to be had in the background between Miss St. John Montague and the fair-haired Mrs. Mitchell-Henry, who is dancing with Lord Illi
foreground Sir Ernest Gordon Craig is dancing with his wife, who wears a long white frock, whilst on the

BY MUNDO

OUT AT CIRO'S

in Orange Street. In the left foreground Anna May Wong, the Chinese film star, is watching the dancing, whilst in the left background ice embonpoint, is discoursing sweet music on the xylophone. Behind him Louis, the famous maître d'hôtel, is welcoming Lord Tennyson Miss St. John Montague are treading a measure with their respective partners, and a glimpse of Sir Joseph Tichborne doing likewise is Illingworth. Behind them, and a little to the right, are Messrs. Bernstein and Jack Hulbert, both famous in the Thespian world. In the on the extreme right that witty playwright Freddy Lonsdale is forsaking the fountain pen for the foxtrot.

Player's Please
PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE DISCREET SENTENCE OF DEATH

By URSULA BLOOM

Illustrated by Frank Oldham

MISS URSULA BLOOM

BOB STANHOPE had been sick of his wife for some years now. He had been sick of her ever since he had retired from business abroad to the red-brick house on the Sussex Downs, high above Kilshaw. When he had married Clare he had been poor. Clare, in her pretty, flaxen-haired youth, had appealed to him in an intangible, tender, though entirely dispassionate way. She had worked hard for him, and when the War came along it had been Clare's splendid help that had formed the bedrock of his success. He had grown used to her and was selfish in her unselfishness. He had become entirely used to Clare giving up her life for him, and he (naturally absorbed in himself) had adopted the attitude of "Why shouldn't she?"

As he had progressed Clare had retarded. Those dreadful headaches of her youth had grown more acute. In ten years she had brought into the world eight children, and they had sapped her energy. Clare was a good woman, and a conscientious mother. The fact that she could afford to hand her children over to experienced nurses did not influence her. Even though she kept a capable nurse, and though the cook understood housekeeping and could do it excellently, she still fulfilled the rôle of wife and mother in the red house with the pleasant gardens.

"You give too much of yourself," Dr. Fortescue told her admiringly. "Why not let that selfish husband of yours do something sometimes?"

"He wouldn't know how."

"Old Clare is absorbed in the house," Bob told his friends. "She does what any paid servant could do for fifty pounds a year."

YET Clare had done far more than any paid servant would have done for three times that salary. She had ensured his comfort, her care had kept him young, and in that same care she had submerged her own beautiful youth. Bit by bit she had built up his position, and in the process she had lost her early loveliness. Her figure had spread; her wild-rose colouring had faded to paleness; her sweet eyes had grown tired with stitching for him. The mouth, which had always smiled encouragingly to him, sagged a little. Dr. Fortescue, watching it, felt stung to fury. "She was worth something so much better," he told himself. "O Life, what a charlatan you are!"

"Poor old Clare," as Bob said from time to time. "She has not worn too well." . . . How could a woman wear well with vile headaches sapping her vitality? Clare had to resort more and more often to the phial of tablets which she kept on her wash-handstand. It was the only remedy that had ever relieved her.

TOO late in life, Clare was faced with competition. Bob wanted her to play tennis and golf, and she couldn't. If Clare couldn't there were other women who could, and in particular Irene Sharp. Irene was twenty-five, the cruel, cynical twenty-five of modern youthfulness. She saw Bob as a rich man who was willing to give her handsome presents; to her, Clare was a mere husk of what once might have been pretty. Pretty, mark you, never smart, chic, or charming; all of which adjectives embodied Irene.

Irene coveted all those objects that Clare had worked so strenuously to achieve. Irene was selfish, she believed in walking in her own rut, and she knew that the man who helps himself gets most.

"Don't you think that little Sharp girl is a little minx?" the other women demanded of Clare.

But Clare had a kind heart, she never thought uncharitably about anyone. She said, "Poor child, because she is only a child really; her mother died when she was young, and people without mothers do not have much of a chance, do they? Poor child!"

"A precocious child," sneered one of the women.

But Clare did not listen to scandal. She knew that Bob was fascinated by Irene, but then why should not Bob be happy? Clare was willing to give her very soul for Bob's happiness. She asked Irene to the house, she encouraged her for Bob's sake. All the witty barbs that Irene let drive cunningly at Clare's heart fell short. Clare tried to be nice to Irene, and Irene, for her pains, judged her to be merely a fool. Clare never thought for a moment that the affair might be dangerous; she believed that she knew her Bob too well; it was the mere whim of the moment, a transitory, light thing; it would blow by.

"You are such a wonderful woman, you have such a big heart," said Dr. Fortescue, as he watched her after one episode with Irene.

"Oh no, I'm not, I'm ordinary," she said, and then, weakly, "Pitifully ordinary."

The idea would not have been conceived by Bob had it not been discovered that Irene, though herself entirely heartless, suffered from heart trouble. Fortescue had warned her. "He says that I shall snuff it if I am not careful," she said, as she drew rings of smoke through her poppy-red mouth. "Flop down and out all of a sudden like . . . you know."

The amorous Bob was horrified. "I couldn't live without you," he pleaded, "You know that. What should I do?"

DOWN HERE

THERE'S never a wind so cold
As the wind down here, they say
That it blows north-east the whole year through
Till it blows your heart away.
We haven't seen a speck of blue
Nor the sun for a million years
It seems, all things are grey and the streaming sky's
Like a blanket full of tears.
There isn't a day when the wind
And the rain don't batter the door.
And all our lives we're driven insane
By the booming clatter and roar
Of the sea as it thunders past.
It's said that the seagulls cry
Madder down here than they do up north,
In the wildest storms they fly.
You never see us smile or laugh
You never see us sane or well,
For there's not a man or woman down here
That ain't got the vice of hell.
It's always too rough to fish,
And of peace and calm not a breath,
So we quarrel and rape till we kill
And then drink ourselves to death.

DAPHNE DU MAURIER

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"You're not making any effort to live with me," she retorted.

"But what can I do?"

"Get rid of old Clare."

DIVORCE was unthinkable. Clare would never give him cause; he had once thought about Dr. Fortescue, who he knew admired Clare, though heaven knew what he could see in her. Then he had dismissed the idea. She would refuse to divorce him. He had once probed into the subject and had been amazed at the vehemence with which such a simple soul repudiated the suggestion.

"There are other ways," said Irene, contemptuously.

"There is only death."

"Death is of course the best way," said Irene, and she smiled sardonically.

If he had not been so attracted by the little minx he would have been revolted. But she held him as in a spell, with her scarlet smear of a mouth, and her thin plucked eyebrows, the cool whiteness of her flawless face in which her demanding bright eyes flashed; her hipless, bustless, flexible young body. He had got to possess her. Clare galled him; the way she fussed over his socks and vests; her interest in his more material success, her caressing of the children. He did not want a faded and unlovely wife; he wanted Irene and Irene only. Her father was a baronet, and he thought of the details of the marriage and how extraordinarily well they would look in the paper. . . . It was not as though Clare's life was a happy one; she had those infernal headaches. . . .

That gave him the clue.

He dismissed the idea, but it squirmed into his heart again; a stabbing idea, and he could not dismiss it lightly. Finally it obsessed him. Those white tablets that she took, fifty of them perhaps, in the phial on her washhandstand; the ones to be obtained in London were exactly similar, but they were deadly. He had inquired cunningly about them from Fortescue, who was dense and did not realise what he was getting at; there was enough in a single one of them to kill forty Clares. She would suffer no pain; she would just snuff out. It wasn't cruel really.

FOR days he went about with the fatal little tablet in his waistcoat pocket, then, when the question of a seaside holiday crept up and Clare became tearful (that was more than he could stand, because she became blotchy when she cried), he made an excuse. He went up to her room and he slipped the deadly tablet in with the others. She might take it to-morrow, she might not take it for a month; you could not tell.

After that he lived in a thrilling sea of uncertainty, on the crest of a wave, in the trough of despond. The uncertainty ate into his heart. Clare had three headaches. With the first one he found himself quivering, but nothing happened. When the third headache occurred, and Clare, recovering, remarked, "Those tablets really *are* wonderful," then he became desperate.

He wanted Irene so terribly.

Just at that time he was offered a post in Nigeria. It was almost ludicrous that he, a successful man, should be offered such a position. The white man's grave, and all that. As if he would be such a fool as to accept it. He put the letter aside and laughed as it quivered among the papers in the drawer.

"They're optimists," he told Dr. Fortescue, who had dropped in for a drink.

"Why, I'd never come home alive. Death in a couple of years at most."

The doctor eyed him shrewdly. For some time, ever since he had come to care for Clare, he had been watching Bob. He had the gravest doubts of what might be passing behind those shifty eyes. "You'd be better there than lazing about here," he said.

"What? In the white man's grave? No fear."

AFTER that, for some vague reason he became afraid of Dr. Fortescue; he hadn't liked the doctor's manner, an insinuating, hostile manner, and one which he resented.

Then one day, missing Irene at the links, and hearing that she was having tea with Clare, he rushed home and missed her again. Clare was stitching small rompers on the sofa, and she looked up and smiled. She was habitually tender in her welcome of her husband, to whose selfishness she tried bravely to blind herself.

"The poor child has gone," she said. "She thought she would rather go home; she had a rotten headache, one of those like mine. I gave her one of my tablets . . . by now it will be better. . . ."

"You—what?" he demanded thickly.

"Well, my darling, you'd have done that much for any poor suffering creature, wouldn't you? They're wonderful, especially if you haven't tried them before. She was in such pain. . . ."

He did not listen. He rushed out to the car outside, gripping the steering wheel in clammy hands, spurting down the drive. Perhaps he could overtake her. . . .

In the lane he met Dr. Fortescue in his coupé. He drew up. Damn the fellow! Bob did not want to talk to him; he was frightened that he might incriminate himself; he knew that he was shaking and that his eyes could not meet those steady ones of the doctor. What was he saying?

"I've just been to see Irene. A heart attack, you know, one of those we warned her about. Of course she never would take care."

Bob's face went ashen; his fingers clutched spasmodically at the lapels of the doctor's coat. "She isn't dead? Don't say that she is dead?" he whimpered.

"She died ten minutes ago."

"My God!"

Fortescue set his teeth, and put a hand on Bob's palsied shoulders. He wanted to do the best for Clare; he wanted to do the best for everybody; the thing would be difficult to prove. "That job in Nigeria," he said. "You'll take it. You'll go at once?"

"But it's death," gibbered Bob.

"If you stay it may be a speedier death. You'll go at once, you understand?"

Mechanically Bob nodded his head.

There is murder discreet and indiscreet. There is sentence of death, which is much the same. Not all criminals are hanged by the neck. U. B.

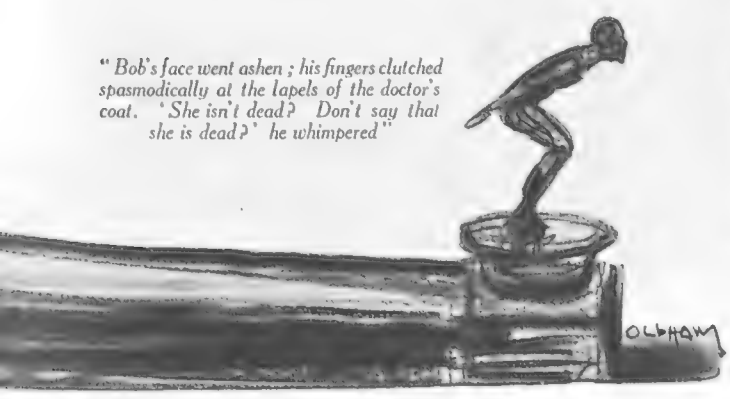
As everybody knows, a bee dies when it stings you. And a friendship dies that way, too.

* * *

"MOTORING is surely a great thing. I used to be fat and sluggish, but now I'm spry and energetic."

"I didn't know you motored."

"I don't. I dodge."



"Bob's face went ashen; his fingers clutched spasmodically at the lapels of the doctor's coat. 'She isn't dead? Don't say that she is dead?' he whimpered"

Monarch of his Memories

Exclusive to THE BYSTANDER

A photograph of Wilhelm Hohenzollen, the ex-Kaiser, who will be seventy-one on January 27. Taken at Doorn, this picture shows the exile in a strangely commanding attitude reminiscent, perhaps, of some sixteen years ago

FILM NOTES

Haunting melodies of the American negroes, their blues and spirituals, are used to advantage in making clear the spirit of the South in "Hallelujah," the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture now showing at the Empire

"Hallelujah," the film which has been directed by King Vidor, a white man, but every single member of the enormous cast is negro

A NEGRO SAGA

By Lionel Collier

Spiritual Harmony

WITHOUT doubt "Hallelujah," which is being presented at the Empire as I write, is one of the most interesting "talkies" we have yet had. It presents the negro character in all its facets, its enthusiasm, its love of song, its frenzies, and its queer revivalist ideas of religion, in which humour is an integral part. If when you go to see this picture—and I assure you a visit is well worth while—the humorous sense overcomes the sense that you are having an insight into negro mentality, you will come away disappointed. Instead of having witnessed an extremely human drama you will have been plunged into a depth of bathos from which nothing will extract you.

MORE fully to explain this it is necessary to give a brief outline of the story, but before doing so it is important to say a word about the producer, King Vidor, who was responsible for "The Big Parade," one of the finest war films made. He is capable of such diversity of treatment that one cannot help but place Vidor amongst the foremost directors. He has still further evidenced his catholicity in giving a fine insight into negro mentality in "Hallelujah"; moreover, he has had the intelligence to retain to a very large extent the camera technique which has characterised his silent features.

THE main thing that strikes one about this negro saga is the rhythmic quality. Even when they are praying or wailing or talking in unison there is an effect of song and harmony. This love of expression in harmonics is further emphasised by the inclusion of spirituals and more light-hearted efforts which are introduced naturally in the cotton fields, and, indeed, wherever the action carries us.

IN the opening we are taken to the cotton fields and introduced in a most brilliantly pictorial manner to a negro family at work. Then home life is shown—they all sleep in one room, and the mammy sings the two youngest children to sleep—as well as their contented frame of mind. Zeke, the eldest son, goes to town to sell the cotton, and is swindled out of his money by Chick, a coloured siren, and Hot Shot, her lover. In the quarrel which follows Zeke's brother is shot and dies. This leads to Zeke becoming a revivalist preacher, travelling with his family from town to town on a private Pullman car. The fervour and ecstasy of his preaching, with its humorous application, is wonderfully produced, as is the wailing and moaning that follow his brother's death; it is, in effect, the same audible expression of grief that is indulged in by the Jews, and here again the harmony should be noted.

CHICK again meets Zeke, and while he believes he is reforming her he is really falling in love, and, finally, after an excess of religious fervour, he carries her off and marries her, neglecting the girl, Missy Rose, to whom he is affianced. Disaster soon overtakes the couple. Hot Shot follows them, and persuades Chick to elope with him. Zeke follows the buggy in which they are driving through swamp land and finds Chick dying after an accident. He forgives her, and then implacably follows Hot Shot through the swamp, finally

(Continued on page 184)

BY JACK GREENALL

"My wife expects me to give all my time to her"
"Mine expects my overtime as well!"

FILM NOTES (continued from page 182)

A HERO OF DEVIL'S ISLAND

A dramatic moment in the German version of the British International Pictures' bi-lingual talkie, "The Road to Dishonour." Anna May Wong and Franz Lederer, the matinée idol of Germany

strangling him with his bare hands. This scene of vengeance, unhurried and inevitable, is brilliantly directed. No sound is heard but the squelch of water and the heavy breathing of the victim; it holds one tense.

S

AFTER this the continuity becomes ragged, and, following a shot or two of Zeke in prison—we do not know how he got there—we find him being released, again for some unknown reason. The final sequence shows him being received in the bosom of his family. It would indeed be much better for the dramatic effect of the picture if it ended with the death of Hot Shot.

S

I HAVE said that rhythm and song predominate, but there is also the strong revivalist spirit with its comic aspect which must not be allowed to dominate the spectator's mind. Personally, I found the scenes where people were being immersed in a river for baptism strangely moving, in spite of the fact that they behaved like lunatics after the immersion; the complete depiction of the negro character had got me in a thrall, and that is the angle in which to approach the subject if you are to enjoy it and not merely laugh at its childishness. Zeke, for instance, is shown riding on an ass and getting off to knock someone down who had insulted "His Lord." If the humour of the scene strikes you it becomes blasphemous; if the childlike spirit and intensity of religious fervour and devotion strike you, it becomes epic.

S

SO far as the acting is concerned it would take a very strong cast of white artists to equal the performances here. Daniel L. Haynes not only has a magnificent singing and speaking voice, but also a very strong personality. Nina Mae McKinney is brilliant as Chick, and Victoria Spivey is most comely as the devoted, patient, and simple Missy Rose. The old people are finely rendered by Harry Gray and Fannie Belle de Knight, while William Fountaine is excellent as Hot Shot. Several small children appear naturally and amusingly.

I HAVE said so much about "Hallelujah" that I have left little space for "Condemned," which has taken the place of "The Taming of the Shrew" at the London Pavilion. As a matter of fact that picture does not deserve much notice. It is a singularly unsophisticated melodrama set in the French convict settlement on Devil's Island with that darling of the ladies, Ronald Colman, as a confirmed thief who steals the heart of the Warden's wife and eventually escapes, only to be recaptured. Of course, the Warden is luckily slaughtered by Colman's friend, a murderer, Louis Wolheim. This allows for Colman to go back and reform, while the Warden's wife promises to wait for him. I do not know much about Devil's Island, but I imagine after his escapade that she would have to wait a long time, and that he would find plenty of opportunities for reformation. Ronald Colman himself plays nonchalantly, while Ann Harding is intensely dramatic. L. C.

Pollie Ward in "Harmony Heaven," a new all-musical talkie just completed by British International Pictures. The music and lyrics are by Edward Pola and Eddie Brandt

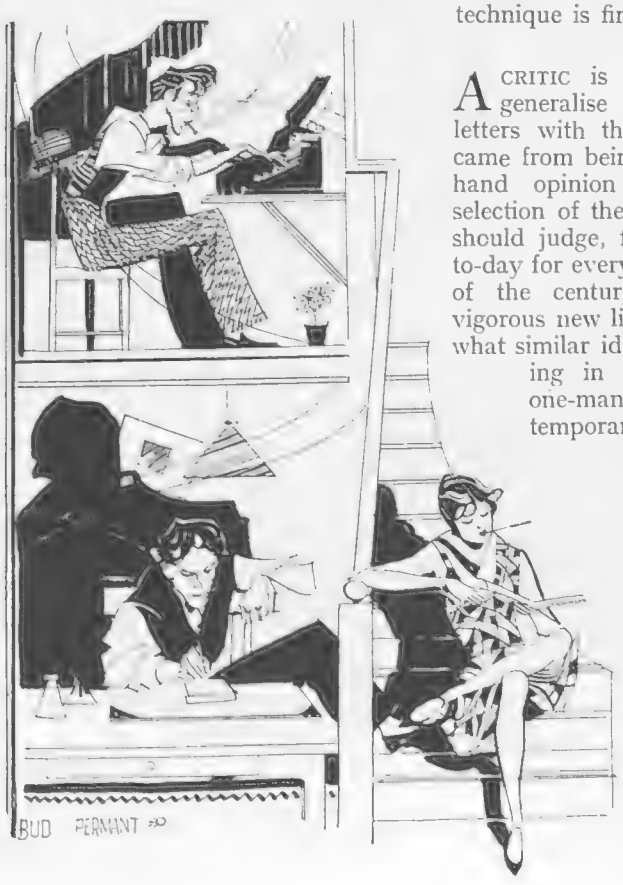
THE LITERARY SHOW

MOB TASTE & CRITICS

MR. J. A. HAMMERTON

By J. A. HAMMERTON *Sketches by BUD PERMANT*

UPON what a world of change does the literary observer look out after a quarter of a century has slipped away! When I first became a chronicler of the pomps and vanities of the Literary Show—so long ago, alas, as 1890—and still thirteen years later, when I took to discoursing on books and their makers in the pages of the fresh and unsophisticated BYSTANDER, it was possible to keep oneself adequately informed about the work and personality of all contemporary British and American writers of any note. One could actually read most of the new books that mattered. To-day the writing tribe has swollen to so vast a horde that "Mr. Dooley's" comic fancy of thirty years ago is translated into reality: "They's a publisher in ivry block, an' in thousan's iv happy homes some wan is pluggin' away at th' romantic novel or whalin' out a pome on th' type-writer up-stairs." But the romantic has given place to the introspective and the study of sex reactions.



NOWADAYS one picks up a new novel by a writer whose name is unfamiliar only to find that it is his or her tenth or eleventh and, though none of their titles strikes a glimmer of remembrance, most of them are in a third or fourth impression. A genius who has budded and bloomed and may now be withering, and yet one has never heard his (more often her) name or seen it printed before. This could not have happened even twenty years back. It must surely be easier to get into print now, if one may judge by the interminable lists. Not one of these by writers unfamiliar to me that I have recently sampled is definitely above the average of the 'nineties, though the publishers' technique is finer.

A CRITIC is no longer entitled to generalise about contemporary letters with the old confidence that came from being able to form a first-hand opinion of a representative selection of the new books. If, as I should judge, fifty books are printed to-day for every ten in the early years of the century, and a vast and vigorous new literature using a somewhat similar idiom has come into being in America, the day of one-man criticism of contemporary letters is over. The job is too big to be honestly discharged. But there is no lack of bright young things ready to generalise from the particular.

IT is not surprising, then, that frank expressions of personal taste and casual statements of one's mental and emotional experiences with individual books and writers have largely taken the place of criticism. This may be bad for criticism as a branch of literature, but it has added to the gaiety of the thoughtful. I do not repine. I am entirely with old Cobbett in his contempt for the pundits of contemporary letters — those "arbiters of taste," as one brazenly advertises himself. I would have every young person of literary inclination re-read once a year paragraphs 74 to 81 of "Cobbett's Advice to Young Men"—Mr. Peter Davies, by the way, sells a pleasing edition of this at three-and-six, with a sincere and able introduction by Mr. Philip Snowden—in which he tells the story of the Ireland forgeries and vigorously applies the moral.

SOME of my readers may have forgotten that in 1784, when only in his seventeenth year, William Henry Ireland, son of a London dealer in old books and prints, began to produce a delightfully successful series of bogus Shakespearian manuscripts. Legal documents, letters, sonnets and, eventually, a complete play were forged by this boy and palmed off on the learned men of the day as the work of William Shakespeare, whose signature Ireland could write better than the dramatist himself. The play was named *Vortigern*. Sheridan put it on at Old Drury, with Kemble in the cast, on April 2, 1796. Unfortunately April 1 had not been available. The great Samuel Parr and the poet laureate Warton—both of them more influential in their time as critics than any that England boasts to-day—accepted all these forgeries as the genuine work of Shakespeare, and I do not doubt that, had he not happened to die a few years earlier, even the great Cham of English Letters would have given the young forger his ponderous approval. So much for the higher critics.

"BUT that's an old story," you will say. Given a new Ireland the

whole folly would be re-enacted to-morrow. Possibly Mr. Bernard Shaw would not be so readily taken in, as he said that he could teach a cat—I think it was a cat—to "write like Shakespeare." The knowledge that a lad of seventeen could do the trick sufficiently well to gull the ablest critics is disconcerting enough to anyone endeavouring to arrive at a just appreciation of the divine William. Criticism at its best is a pretentious business; literary preference and prejudice, if fearlessly stated, provide more entertainment and not less instruction.

PERHAPS the fact of the most gluttonous reader being no longer able to engorge all the good books of the day, or the week, or the month, is a reason for the effort to plant an American "selling stunt" on the British public in the form of the Book Society, which will select for you the best twelve novels out of the two thousand or so poured forth from British presses every twelvemonth, and thus save you all the bother and adventure of finding them for yourself—supposing you should wish to do anything so futile. I look with suspicion upon this Book Society in spite of the justly honoured names on its committee. It is calculated either to organise a mob taste in literature or to do something worse: to provide a ready-made literary snobbery for persons who like to fancy they are reading or talking about the one book that matters at the moment. Reading is essentially a personal adventure, and a genuine appreciation of literature cannot be imposed upon the tasteless.

HOW does the mob taste which at present seems to be expressing itself in a surfeit of war books originate? Ah, if one but knew, publishing would be better than working a gold mine. The present vogue of war fiction is a foolishness that will pass. A few years and the names of the authors will be as little known as most of them were three or four years ago—months ago, almost, for a new genius is trotted out by some exploiter or other every week. From what I have read of these masterpieces myself and what the publishers of others in their grotesquely exaggerated "blurbs" tell me, I feel that the war is being used as a smoke-screen for new audacities in fiction.

THOSE of us who remember how Zola in English shocked our simple British minds, even how Ouida was thought to bring a blush to the maidenly cheek, and Victoria Cross, in "Anna Lombard," and many another tale of palpitating passion, to offer rather strong meats, must smile to see young ladies of bashful nineteen openly reading their 'All Quiet on the Western Front" in train and tram. This much-belauded German importation has the honour of introducing English readers to the literature of the latrine. Its popular success is due largely to four or five brief episodes of an unnecessarily gross nature ingeniously imbedded in the narrative of the book. While there is not one offensive sentence in "The Well of Loneliness," there are many in "All Quiet" that make the judicious grieve. Cut these out and the genuine merits of the thing had never sold it in tens of thousands. But these whiffs of the malodorous have hoisted it into the hundreds of thousands.

MY old friend, Walter Emanuel, who originated (or revived) "Charivaria," that popular feature of *Punch*, used to say that the publisher who would expurgate the Old Testament by taking out all its stories which were unfit for the young to read and make a volume of the expurgations could not fail to produce a "best seller." The present market for the brutal, the horrific, the nasty—the oldest market in the world, believe me, and the easiest in which to get big sales—seems to have prepared the field for such an anthology as the witty Emanuel suggested. The dishonesty of publishers and newspaper editors in this matter of war fiction is merely nauseating. They are all less concerned about adding to our literary masterpieces or putting the war in its proper perspective than about titillating the undying taste for nastiness. Why not be honest about it?

J. A. Hammerton

Wide World Photos

Mr. Hugh Walpole, the celebrated novelist, one of the leaders of the Book Society criticised by Mr. J. A. Hammerton in the accompanying article. He is seen in the garden of his house on the shores of Derwentwater

FLYING NOTES

BY THE RIGHT!

Rows of the latest Fiat Moth aeroplanes, which are being brought out in mass production in Italy. The picture shows the machines astride the new Air Field at Rome

HIRE A 'PLANE and FLY YOURSELF

By Capt. C. E. Ward

N.F.S. Start New Service

SIX smart little Bluebirds have flown from Cowes to Hanworth Park, forming the nucleus of a fleet of twenty-five two-seater light 'planes which will be used for a "fly-yourself" hire service. The Bluebird has already made a name for itself. Squadron-Leader Slatter flew the first all-metal model straight from Brough to South Africa, and by a coincidence another is on its way to Cape Town at the present time, for use in Rhodesia as a taxi-plane. In view of the sociable arrangement of seats side by side, this type is a hot favourite for week-end touring. Any member of the N.F.S. with more than fifty hours' air experience as a pilot will be able to hire a Bluebird for thirty shillings an hour, roughly 4½d. per mile. For anyone with the week-end habit a book of tickets valid for ninety hours' flying has its attractions, the charge working out at a guinea an hour, covering petrol, oil and insurance.

Keystone View

Mr. Edward Bret, son of Mr. A. E. Bret, of the Hôtel des Anglais, piloting his Moth aeroplane at Cannes

Hitting the African Trail

LIEUT.-COMMANDER Glen Kidston can have few equals as a sportsman trusting that his luck will hold. It was only a few weeks ago that he stepped out of a German air liner, the sole survivor of a nasty crash, and now he is off to Kenya on his Moth J.V., equipped with a small Eagle camera for getting snapshots of big game from the air. The new twin-engined Gloster machine, specially built for air survey, will probably be flown to Rhodesia by Mr. Alan Butler, who manages to combine the business side and the pleasure side of flying more successfully than anyone else. Yet another flight over the African trail is being made by the Royal Air Force in co-operation with their opposite members from South Africa. This is the fifth successive annual flight and the first occasion on which the South African Air Force make the complete return trip.

By Air Everywhere

MR. VAN LEAR BLACK, probably the most travelled millionaire private owner, leaves Croydon shortly for Tokyo. He is again using a three-engined Fokker, similar to the one which was bogged last year at the Dum-Dum Aerodrome, Calcutta. The famous Swiss pilot, Lieut. Mittelholzer, who made a pioneer flight through Africa some years ago on a seaplane, has been engaged by Baron de Rothschild for a hunting expedition. The party flew from Vienna to Kenya, where flights have been made over the snow-covered mountain which takes its name from the colony. For the air-minded "rubber-necks" of the future a two hours' flight from Nairobi to the snowfields and back should not be without interest. The present type of air liner makes an ideal charabanc, as each passenger has a window against which to flatten his or her nose; alternatively, it can be opened to take photographs or fresh air.

The Clubs and the Moth

THE birth of the Moth and the Cirrus engine preceded another interesting event — that of the light 'plane club movement, which depended for its healthy growth on a reliable, standardised machine and engine which could be duplicated or replaced easily. Other machines, notably the Avian, Bluebird, Widgeon and Spartan, together with Gipsy and Genet engines, have played their part in building up our national reputation for private aircraft second to none, and in making our clubs a model for the world to copy. C. E. W.

CAPT. BROAD, the well-known pilot, and Mrs. Broad recently flew from England to St. Raphael, on the Riviera, in a Gipsy Moth, to spend the Christmas holidays with Mr. A. E. Bret at the Hôtel des Anglais at Cannes. Included in the party was Mr. A. E. Bret's son, Mr. Edward Bret, who also flew over from London in a Gipsy Moth, which, incidentally, is the first registered in France.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

PURITANS AND PAROXYSMS

A VICTORIAN OMNIBUS DRIVER

One of the illustrations to Mr. Ralph Nevill's entertaining book, "The Gay Victorians." It is published by Messrs. Nash and Grayson at 21s.

By Ralph Straus

READING Mr. Ralph Nevill is like being invited to luncheon at some famous club, and afterwards being privileged to listen to some entertaining chatter in the smoking-room. You sit there in the most comfortable chair ever built, and your cigar is good, and the old brandy is something very special indeed. And then Mr. Nevill, taking pity on your youth and ignorance and almost complete loss of liberty—he is Dora's bitterest enemy — proceeds to explain to you how fortunate, how contented, and how altogether *free* you would have been had you lived in the days of *The Gay Victorians* (Nash and Grayson: 21s.).

AND he certainly makes out a case. Many a time I have written in these columns, half-playfully, half in earnest: what *would* our grandparents have said?—the implication being, of course, that shocked indignation would probably have rendered them speechless. But—would it? I am beginning to wonder whether the old dears were quite so dull and starchy as some of the moderns like to suppose. They might well have objected to some of our present-day novels, but precisely the objections that they made at the time are being raised to-day. They had their Puritans then, and, alas, we still have ours to-day. And so far as I can see, a not very different, though even more unpleasant, Puritan will be just as powerful to-morrow.

MR. NEVILL does not write to any particular pattern, but chats on amiably about anything of interest that he happens to remember. The vagaries of a Shah of Persia in England; the monstrousness of preventing gipsies from viewing the Derby in their time-honoured and inexpensive way; the absurdities of Ernest Benzon and other "high" gamblers; the mashers to be found at the old Gaiety and the Very New Rich who have swept them and it away—these are his subjects; and although I cannot always vouch for the accuracy of his memory—I seem to have heard some of the stories told rather differently in other clubs—his chapters make pleasant enough reading.

BUT I have one large bone to pick with him. He who, except for myself, must be about the only genuine feudalist left in the country, dares to speak of a "clubman." How many times am I to ask what this American word means? Clubman? *Clubman?* No, whatever he may happen to be, and although there may be thousands of him in New York to-day, I cannot believe that the age of Victoria knew him, and this in spite of the fact that Thackeray or one of his contemporaries makes use of the word (he is careful to use the all-important hyphen). In view, however, of the amusing photographs in the book, Mr. Nevill may be forgiven for this very serious lapse.

MORE gay Victorians are to be found in *The Hardman Papers* (Constable: 21s.), as edited by S. M. Ellis. This is the third volume to be built up from the voluminous diaries which Sir William Hardman, an amusing old boy, politician and magistrate, who knew many interesting people and was not averse from a little scandal now and then, kept for many long years.

THE present volume deals with the latter half of the 'sixties, and if the political rumpuses do not seem wildly exciting to-day, it is highly amusing to read of the widespread indignation caused by the first appearance of Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads,* and quite piquant to have so many details about Queen Victoria's John Brown. Of the poet John Morley could actually say that he was "the libidinous laureate of a pack of satyrs" . . . who had "revealed to the world a mind all aflame with the feverish carnality of a schoolboy." I enjoyed the book, but would suggest that a rather different type might well have been chosen for Mr. Ellis's comments—as opposed to his footnotes—which the reader often mistakes, even though for no more than a moment or two, for Hardman's own work. The illustrations are delightfully odd.

AND while still in the Victorian era I may as well mention the new Dickens book from America. Mr. Edward Wagenknecht calls his *The Man Charles Dickens* (Constable: 18s. 6d.) "a Victorian portrait." He also tells us that it is an illustration of the new art of psychography. After reading the book —a monument of painstaking but, to my mind, wholly misplaced research—I cannot say that I understand exactly what psychography may be.

I ONLY know that, with all the thousands of Dickensian books that are now on the market, a critico-biographical (or if you like, psychographical) volume which brings no new fact to light, which contains not one single unpublished letter or document—and it is useless to say that the Dickens family are deliberately withholding important material: they are not—a book, moreover, which does not even endeavour to give a new interpretation of the man, is hardly wanted. (And if you say that I am bigoted because I wrote a Life of Dickens myself last year—well, I may be, though Mr. Wagenknecht is charming enough to me in his book.)

SO much, then, for the Victorians. I come to *The Lost Child* (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.), a novel which they, beyond all doubt, would have banned. I imagine that some of the Puritans would be glad to ban it to-day, for it does undoubtedly deal with one of the most dreadful problems about which medical psychologists are consulted to-day. Moreover, it comes from Germany, and why should we have to read German filth? That is the sort of thing that I can hear people saying—until they have read the book.

PERHAPS the most curious thing about it is that it is the first novel of a woman—a Berlin actress writing under the pseudonym of Rahel Sanzara, for it is the tragedy of a farm-boy cursed with that most dreadful of all devils—the blood-lust. At ordinary times young Fritz is the gentlest and most hard-working fellow, and yet when that queer, irresistible attack comes, he can strangle his master's little daughter and bury her in one of the barns, and—forget what he has done. (Or remember so vaguely as to allow him to continue his work, happy and content.)

AND you may say—with some reason —why on earth write books about such horrors? All very well for the

(Continued on page 190)

SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS IN THE OLDEST THE WORLD

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business is to supply the world with the most perfect stimulant that ever left Scotland.
They have been attending to this business for

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No finer Whisky goes into any bottle

How to Make MONEY at BRIDGE

VII.—"MUM'S" THE PROFITABLE WORD

By "ACES EASY"

It has been said ad libitum, ad nauseam, ad infinitum, that to under-call is a far worse vice than to over-call. It has also been said by a multitude of stricken partners: "Why not have put me up, and we'd have got rubber." And, for the few four or five hundred penalties incurred by the judicious over-caller, he has many "impossible" games and rubbers to show on the credit side of his ledger. All this is incontrovertibly true, but just as you can always cite a proverb to disprove a proverb, it is no less true of that microcosm of life, the card-table, than of life in general, that if speech be silver, silence is golden.

The times to pass are many. If you are playing with one of those "brilliant" players who call against a no trump on a doubleton, holding a solid suit with which, if the no-trumper be rebid, they hope to defeat the contract, or into which, if the bluff be doubled, they hope to escape; and if such a player makes such a bid, *do not double it*. Say "no bid," and put him down the drain to the tune of three hundred. Playing against such a player recently my partner went no trumps, the bluffer went two spades. My hand was: S—A, Q, 10, 9, x, x, x; H—K, x; D—x; C—J, 10, x. As I knew my partner would not call no trumps with less than two spades in his hand, it was obvious that West's bid was tripe: no one calls with the lead against a no-trumper on four to king, jack. I passed—and led the heart king. My partner beheld a woeful dummy on his right, overtook the heart, and led the jack of spades. After seven spades and three hearts we made ace, king, queen of clubs. Grand slam—eight down; four honours: 536 points. As we had one game against us it was better than a slam in spades.

Again, on such a hand as this, que faire? Dealer South calls a heart, West no bid, North a no trump. You hold A, K, Q to six clubs and the diamond king. Answer: No bid. You will be loved—by your partner! Or if as West you hold K, J, 10, x of spades, Q, J, x of hearts, A, x, x of diamonds, and trash in clubs, and South calls a spade, taken out by North in a red suit, and South rebids his spades, *pass!* The double is tempting, but you may stimulate North to further efforts.

Lenz cites a hand with an ace, an ace, king, and seven Clubs to four honours missing the king, with the lead against a no-trumper. He unhesitatingly affirms "No bid" is the correct call. And R. F. Foster, the veteran Scottish-American authority who has given more to the game, from the eleven rule to the echo, than any other single writer, states that the best defence to a no-trumper is to *pass*, a theory in which all authorities now concur: save on a broken suit, without re-entry, sufficiently long to justify a bid of three or more immediately; a powerful two-suiter; or a hand good for game with one trick in partner's hand. Even as East, against South's no-trumper, a lead-indicating bid has often warned South of breakers ahead of his no-trumper, and he gets to port (*i.e.*, game) by the suit bid line. As Foster trenchantly phrased it, referring to one hand, "A (*i.e.*, West) thought he had six winning hearts with ten times honours. What he actually held was six losing hearts with no honours at all!"

One man I know, who has the reputation of being a brilliant player but a shocking caller, invariably passes on strength and calls on weakness; and on reading over what I have written in this article, it seems I support him. But it is not so. I am all for calling in the right place and passing in the right place. And to pass with strength is—against a no-trumper or against a call you have "sewn up in sacks" where you have no defence against a switch—a most profitable, and a woefully neglected, weapon in the Bridge armoury.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (*continued from page* 188)

medical manuals, but—in a novel, written for entertainment? Well, I can only affirm, after reading this book, that although the case of Fritz may be horrible, although one or two details may be truly shocking, there is very real beauty in the story. More, there is that indefinable something about it which takes it up to the heights. It is a great book. It is a terrible book. But if you find parts of it too terrible, you may put it down. You may, but I do not think that you will. I am sometimes accused of being too "kind" to new books, but at the risk of being dubbed stupidly rash, I would hazard a guess that *The Lost Child*, which in Vienna they called "the best book ever written by a woman," and in Berlin "the masterpiece of a genius," will be one of the books of the year.

The German novel has greatness; Miss Ethel Mannin's new story, *Children of the Earth* (Jarrolds: 7s. 6d.), misses it, though I should be in a difficulty if called on to say why. Her people are real, the story is dramatic, one is genuinely moved. It may be, of course, that Channel Isle fisherfolk do not particularly interest me, no matter how vividly they are painted in. I know that I was constantly wishing that Miss Mannin had not deserted her London. At the same time, I do not see how better she could have told her story, except, perhaps, for a cut here and there.

Here, at any rate, you have a forthright piece of work—the tale of a man to whom life can never be kind for very long, and yet to whom at moments come great consolations. It is a human book—Gay's love for her brother who is drowned is a singularly beautiful thing—and Miss Mannin has painted in her very large canvas with the greatest care. I think, in fact, that it is her best, and it is certainly her most ambitious, book. I feel, however, that she has yet to write the novel which will put her position beyond question.

R. S.

Books and Their Authors

Hutchinson's will publish this month *Piping George*, by Jan Gordon, a delightful and unconventional story of the Picaresque type. Piping George, dreamer, idealist, imbued with a sense of absolute freedom, leaves everything, including his wife, to wander through the English lanes with his flute. He finds a companion in a slum child, a musical genius too, and the pair wander through adventures, from incident to incident, to the end of the story.

A new presentation of the twin theme would appear to be almost an impossibility, so long has the subject been the stock-in-trade of the story-teller. Yet in *The Twins Murder Case*, which Murrays will publish shortly, Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson has worked out the theme to a most original dénouement.

The Green Ribbon, by Edgar Wallace, published by Hutchinsons, will soon be welcomed by his many readers. This is one of Edgar Wallace's rare racing stories—the tale of a great turf coup engineered by three unscrupulous men.

MR. GODFREY WINN *Lenare*

The twenty-one-years-old author, whose second book, "Squirrel's Cage," has just been published. Mr. Winn, who was formerly on the stage and starred in the film, "Blighty," has a contract with Duckworth for four new novels

Protect the RADIANT COMPLEXION OF YOUTH

The prim Miss of thirty years ago would have held up her hands in horror at the risks to which her modern sister exposes her complexion—but then Miss Victoria had never heard of *Pond's Vanishing Cream*, that dainty, greaseless cream which so many thousands of charming girls find indispensable to-day.

The modern girl owes a great measure of her personal charm to the few minutes she devotes to the care of her complexion every day. First she takes *Pond's Cold Cream* to cleanse her skin. The pure, emollient oils of which *Pond's Cold Cream* is composed penetrate right into the pores, beyond the reach of soap and water, and remove every trace of dust and impurity which otherwise mar the clear freshness of the complexion.

After the soiled cold cream has been removed, just a touch of *Pond's Vanishing Cream* is sufficient to give the skin an attractive velvet surface and to form a reliable base for powder, besides filling the essential role of protector against the ravages of the weather.

Used regularly, these two creams will keep your skin smooth and youthful, and your complexion clear and full of colour. Send 2d. in stamps to Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 951), 103 St. John Street, London, E.C.1, for sample tubes of both creams to try.

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COLD CREAM & VANISHING CREAM

Unrivalled for cleansing the skin and improving the complexion.
Cold Cream in Opal Jars at 5/-, 2/6 and 1/3, and Tubes at 2/6, 1/- and 6d.

Protects and beautifies the skin and holds the powder.
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CLEANSING TISSUES

For removing cold cream. Soft and absorbent as old linen.
Per Box 2/-, 1/3 and 9d.

SKIN FRESHENER

An astringent carefully prepared for use after cold cream.
Per Bottle 5/6, 3/- and 1/-

MOTOR NOTES

How to Enjoy Winter Motoring

By E. M. Wright

Chief Four Stars, who is believed to be the last survivor of the great ambush of 1876, when General George Custer and his entire command were wiped out by Sioux Indians under Chief Sitting Bull. He is seen standing beside an air-cooled Franklin car at Saskatchewan, where he now lives

My almost lyrical outburst last week on the pleasures of winter motoring may perhaps have lured my more impressionable readers from their warm firesides. Shivering in icy garages in front of stone-cold engines which obstinately refuse to show any signs of life, they may at this very moment be calling down all manner of curses upon my unhappy head. I have said something about *what* there is to enjoy in winter motoring. Now I shall touch on *how* you may enjoy it. The various Do's and Dont's can be classified under two headings, care of the car and care of yourself.

***

Let us, like the conscientious motorists I hope we all are, first of all consider the car itself. Poor fellow, it feels the cold just as much as you or I. If it is obstinate about starting, it is because its " innards " are, so to speak, numb with cold. Therefore, at night house the car as warmly as you can. The counsel of perfection is to heat the whole garage, but if that is impracticable you should at least keep the engine warm with some form of heater, or even an ordinary electric light bulb, under the bonnet. In any case, pile plenty of rugs on top. A radiator muff, or—better still—radiator shutters, will greatly improve the running of the car, minimise the risk of freezing up during long halts, and, of course, make for easier restarting. Lastly, if you add one of the many excellent anti-freezing mixtures to the cooling system you will be relieved of all anxiety on frosty nights.

Keeping the car warm will go far towards removing that bugbear of winter motoring, difficult starting. But of almost equal importance is the use of first quality petrol and the proper grade of lubricating oil. Another point, too, of the utmost importance is regular and frequent attention to the batteries. With the necessity of using your lights so much in a cold winter and with the added burdens imposed by the starter motor, the batteries are very hard worked at this time of year and consequently need very much more attention if they are to be kept up to scratch. Save them in every way you can. It will, for instance, help the batteries very considerably if you give the engine a turn or two in the morning with the starting handle, thereby ensuring that it is not gummed up with half-frozen lubricating oil.

***

So much for the car. What about yourself? I assume that your car is a saloon, not because I despise those enthusiasts who are determined to have fresh air, even in mid-winter, but because " open tourers " nowadays are so few and far between. The ordinary saloon can be uncommonly chilly, especially about one's legs; and foot muffs and warmers of one kind or another are a welcome aid to car comfort, particularly for the passengers in the rear seat. Do not despise a warm coat. If you do not want it you can always take it off; and if you happen to leave the car you will probably be very glad of it. Then there is the problem of draughts. Be the countryside never so beautiful, you will become steadily more miserable if a stream of bitingly cold air is playing round your neck and the small of your back, or is whistling up your trouser legs. There are dozens of ingenious ventilation systems now on the market, and if your car is an " outlaw " in this respect it is worth while experimenting with one or other of these draught-proof ventilation systems. Draughts or no draughts, you must have some sort of ventilation, unless you particularly hanker after a severe headache.

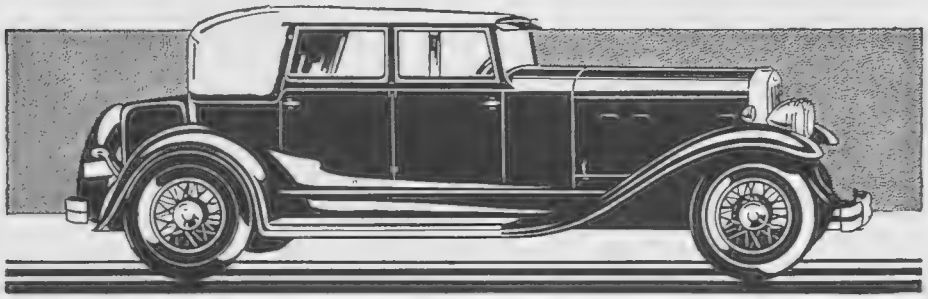
One of the latest two-litre Rover Sportsman's Saloons. It is seen in the Old Palace Yard at Coventry, one of the many historical sites in the City of the Three Spires

***

The new Road Bill with the proposed abolition of the speed limit has stirred the defenders of " pedestrian " rights to feverish activity. Apart from peppery old colonels, who would write to the papers in any case, the " pedestrian " does not lack influential supporters in the Press, perhaps the most redoubtable being Mr. A. P. Herbert, who has turned *Punch* into a fiercely anti-motoring journal. Nowadays, pedestrians have their own organisation, the Pedestrians' Association, to speak for them, though its voice, so far, has been strangely silent.

(Continued on page 194)

THIS SILKY, SILENT AIR COOLED SIX



NEEDS

NO RADIATOR MUFF
NO RADIATOR DRAINING
NO HEATED GARAGE
NO "WARMING UP" BEFORE STARTING

There's no fuss with a Franklin. There's not a drop of water in the cooling system—to freeze or to boil! The Franklin engine is air cooled, air cooled under pressure, by a turbine type fan, driving a 100 m.p.h. air stream round the copper-finned cylinders at high engine speed! On the coldest morning a Franklin is into her stride like a flash, developing her full power at once, running smoothly, silkily, silently, from the very start.

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Flexible chassis
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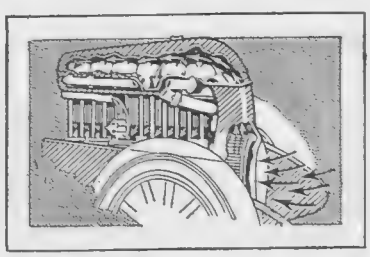

Turbine type fan drives forced draught of air round the six copper-finned cylinders. Thus, degree of engine cooling is governed by engine speed, not road speed. Cooling is adequate under every condition at which the engine operates.

Air Cooled **Franklin**

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MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 192)

I attended the inaugural meeting of this association a short while ago. The chairman was none other than Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, famous as the originator of the Bill to restrain the speed of motor cars by making roads wavy at danger spots! But, contrary to what I had expected, there were no bombs or banners. At least none was actually produced, though one fiery old gentleman suggested that motor cycles should be done away with, and then, so far as could be heard in the mingled laughter and applause, was understood to say that motor cars should carry a device to blow them up if they went too fast!

***

As a matter of fact, the general tone of the meeting was (for pedestrians) very moderate, and the suggestions on the whole constructive. One of the most useful was that no grants should be made from the Road Fund unless the provision of a footpath was included in the road schemes submitted. Nothing was said about making the pedestrian *use* the footpath instead of meandering all over the road, as he usually does.

***

Very considerable reductions have been made in the prices of the Brooke "Seacar" and 18-foot "Empire" Runabout. The former are down from £750 to £699, and the latter from £330 to £299. This is welcome news in view of the severe foreign competition these excellent British boats have to meet. I also learn that this well-known Lowestoft concern is building for the forthcoming season a 19-foot six-seater runabout with a 15-40 h.p. six-cylinder motor attaining a speed of 25 m.p.h., and is standardising the 45-foot and 30-foot cruisers, both with twin installations.

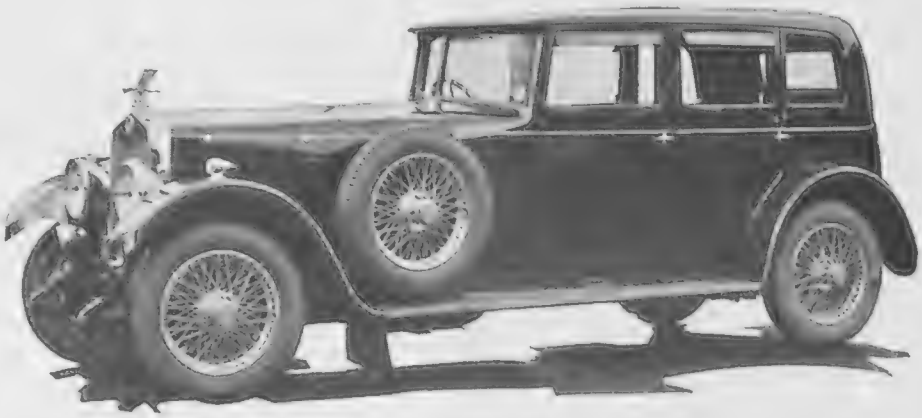
***

One of the bugbears of cold weather motoring is that on many cars the gear lever is practically immovable until the oil in the gear box has warmed up. This is because most oils set solid when cold, so that the gear wheels are embedded in what is, practically speaking, a jelly; and this has to be melted by the friction of the moving parts before an easy change can be effected. Consequently I am keenly interested to hear that C. C. Wakefield and Co. have introduced a new gear oil, called Castrol "Swanshot S," which remains fluid down to 12 deg. below zero Fahrenheit. This not only makes it easy to fill the gear box or back axle during the coldest weather, but it also facilitates gear changes For the same reason it is also an ideal chassis lubricant, either for oil guns or central lubrication systems.

***

Keen motorists desiring to keep a complete record of their cars will be interested in the "Motor Log Book and Lubrication Guide" published by the proprietors of Pratts motor oils. Much practical advice and information is also given on the subject of lubrication. Copies will be supplied free of charge to readers of The Bystander on application to the Anglo-American Oil Co., Ltd., 36, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.

E. M. W.



A striking Straight Eight 30 h.p. Lanchester Limousine. It has seating accommodation for six persons, and the body is painted black with a thin silver line on the waist moulding

FOUR INTERNATIONAL RECORDS IN CLASS B!

GRAHAM-PAIGE uses WAKEFIELD CASTROL

Mr. D. M. K. Marendaz driving the record-breaking Graham-Paige.

At Montlhery on the 24th December, Mr. D. M. K. Marendaz driving a Graham-Paige broke the following International Class B Records.

2000 Kilos. at 87.25 m.p.h. 2000 Miles at 86.69 m.p.h.
3000 Kilos. at 86.47 m.p.h. 24 Hours at 86.36 m.p.h.
(*Subject to confirmation*)

Wakefield CASTROL lubricated the record-breaking engine, proving once again its outstanding suitability for the Graham-Paige—that is why Messrs. Graham-Paige Motors Ltd. use and recommend CASTROL exclusively.

13 RECORDS IN 1929 BY GRAHAM-PAIGE USING CASTROL!

and averages over 86 m.p.h. for 24 hours!

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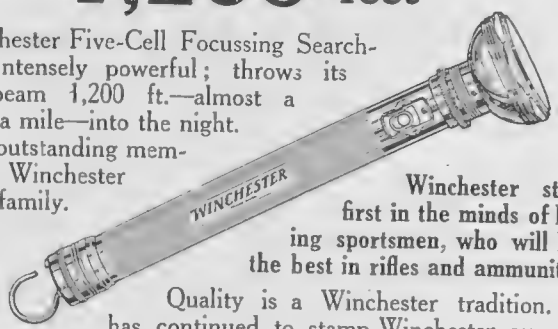
FLASHLIGHTS
— throw a beam of light
1,200 feet

The Winchester Five-Cell Focussing Searchlight. — Intensely powerful; throws its brilliant beam 1,200 ft.—almost a quarter of a mile—into the night. This is an outstanding member of the Winchester Flashlight family.



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INSIST ON
"EVEREST" CLOTH

Every Golfer, whether man or woman, will appreciate the advantages of Everest Cloth for wear on the links. It is impervious to weather changes, and its invaluable qualities assist players under all conditions.

EVEREST defies the Elements — being
WINDPROOF — RAINPROOF
ALMOST UNTEARABLE yet POROUS!

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Akin to the Straight Eight is the 21 H.P. 6-cylinder Lanchester, a car of similar design; second to the larger model only in the matter of speed, and lacking nothing of the Lanchester tradition for highest quality. Catalogue of both models on request.

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SHOOTING NOTES

A Résumé of the Shooting Season

By "Clodhopper"

The Hon. Mrs. E. D. Grigg waiting for the birds to come over at the Labrador Retriever Club's Nineteenth Retriever Trials at Idsworth, Horndean. Right: Mr. E. Dawson's Read is seen retrieving a pheasant

WHAT has proved to be the best all-round game shooting season for several years closes on February 1, and although both partridge driving and covert shooting have been marred by heavy, gale-driven rains, taking all things into consideration we have not had very much to grumble about in regard to either quality or quantity. Grouse were plentiful enough, strong on the wing, and, more important still, free from disease; while, generally speaking, so perfect was the weather throughout August and September that many shooting parties remained on the moors considerably later in the season than is usually the case.

PARTRIDGES were also in far greater numbers than could reasonably have been expected within so short a period of the calamitous breeding season of two years ago—a season in which not a cartridge was fired on many notable manors. Not a few pessimists (including, I am bound to confess, myself) predicted that no partridge shooting worth the proverbial candle would be experienced for years to come. But the hardy and most sporting of all game birds, the English partridge, once again asserted its extraordinary powers of recuperative proficiency, and, incidentally, the sound logic of the theory of the survival of the fittest. Pheasants and ground game have also done remarkably well, and although, as before mentioned, covert shooting has to a considerable degree been spoiled by inclement weather, the birds in most cases flew strong and high, and afforded excellent sport even on wet days.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the deer stalking season was one of the wettest on record, the weights of many of the stags shot were heavier than those obtained within a great number of years past. To the Duke of Portland—who, by the way, attained his seventy-third year quite recently—fell the honour of securing the biggest stag of the year, a huge specimen of 24 st. 10 lb., shot in the forest of Lanwell, Caithness. In this famous deer forest his Grace and shooting guests accounted for eighty-three stags, including six "Royals," one of the latter carrying horns 38¾in. long. That well-known sportswoman, the Hon. Mrs. Pease, killed the next heaviest stag, a very fine "Royal" weighing 22 st. 12 lb. It was at the finish of a strenuous stalk over very rough ground and in the face of a drizzle of rain and a cold Isle of Skye mist that Mrs. Pease secured her remarkably handsome trophy. The record of weights reveals the fact that some thirty stags of 20 st. or over were shot during the season, while the number of those weighing between 18 and 19 stone was greater than in any previous season mentioned in the annals of Scottish deer stalking. The noted forest of Glenfeshie, Inverness-shire, yielded no fewer than 136 good stags to Mr. Riley Smith and his party; while totals of from seventy-five to fifty head are recorded from many different parts of the Highland forests.

IN regard to heads, I learn that no fewer than eighty of "Royal," and of even higher counting, were sent to various London and provincial taxidermists to be set up; while ten- and eleven-pointers ran well into three figures. The handsomest and most shapely head of the season was probably a ten-pointer which fell to the rifle of Mr. Eion Merry in Fasnakyle Forest. I am told, however, that the splendid eleven-pointer shot by Capt. H. Buxton in Glenfiddich, Banff, runs the former very close, as do also half a dozen other heads of the season.

PURCHASING a gun-dog from a stranger on its *advertised* value, without giving it a fair trial in the field, is just about as unsatisfactory as buying a hunter from a strange dealer sans a warranty of soundness and a trial over fences. The odds against the unsophisticated speculator in either dog or horseflesh are about 90 to 1. In making this somewhat sweeping assertion I do not mean to suggest that there are not reputable advertising breeders and dealers who supply their clients with reliable dogs which will perform all that is required of them from a shooting man's point of view. On the other hand, dozens of highly advertised and so-called "handsome, well-broken retrieving gun-dogs, steady, staunch, tender, all game to hand"—in fact, canine paragons—are absolutely useless and worthy of nothing better than a dose of powder and shot. Wild, hard-mouthed brutes that will chase anything, furred or feathered, from a hare to a blackbird, mouth the entrails out of any bird they may happen by accident to retrieve, and run in and flush game at impossible range. I purpose writing upon the subject of gun-dogs in the near future.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

ORDER NOW

WHILE the fascination of sport is fresh in mind any vague idea of buying a new gun or guns should be crystallised into definite decision. There is lots of time no doubt, but an amazing thing in life is how rapidly a margin disappears when there is no urgency. I have often wondered how many shooting men have suffered spoilt seasons by reason of the tardy delivery of guns that were promised in good time. In bad cases guns are supplied "in the black," that is before hardening, to be finished later on—meanwhile suffering incurable damage. The gunmaker himself is at times a bit of an optimist, and we will leave it at that. Really, the only safe course is to order for delivery in June and to drop in from time to time to administer gentle prods. Guns are not ordinary merchandise, they are full of finicky detail; capable workmen are getting scarcer every day, so much so that the wise sportsman should legislate for his personal requirements at least ten years ahead. The best gun is more than a work of art, it is a relic of craftsmanship belonging to an age now gone, but with this difference, that while modern mechanical excellence can produce the requirements of life astonishingly good and astonishingly cheap, the gun is outside its scope altogether. This proposition sounds unreasonable: it is true nevertheless.

Fashions Fancies

AN ALL-WEATHER GOLF SUIT

Almond-green Prinsuede and proofed tweed make this Dela golf suit, which is impervious alike to the onslaughts o, wind and rain. Insets of the tweed ornament and increase the softness of the coat, which is designed to allow complete freedom of movement, while the overchecked skirt is cut with a deep pleat at one side and has two practical patch pockets. The matching hat is of stitched tweed

Evening Dresses for the Early Spring

By Olive Caley Smith

A course of vibratory massage in Phyllis Earle's salons will stimulate the circulation and effect a marked reduction in weight

Softly Veiled Ankles

DESPITE all the controversy they have aroused there can be no doubt about the success of long dresses for evening wear. Every fashionable function testifies to their triumph, and in each collection they are paramount for early Spring. Dance frocks are ankle length. Some lift slightly in front or at the sides, and many show veiled partings when their wearer moves, but on the whole the general effect is of a more even line than heretofore. Beautiful draperies enhance the beauty of the lustrous fabrics used for dinner gowns and those destined for formal occasions, curved panels forming twin trains at the back or trailing on the ground at one side.

Alluring Lines

As to the general silhouette, the sheath-like top to which we are gradually becoming accustomed is accented. Many of the new models closely mould the figure without a belt or any ornament to break the slender line, and in those instances where the waist is marked the fitted hip-band has grown much deeper, sloping low at the back so that all fullness springs from just above the knee. Picture to yourself a clinging frock of palest pink. A narrow inset band stresses the side seams, and a mere suspicion of ruching at the waist softens the line which uninterruptedly sweeps from shoulder to knee, where a circular frill is set into the pointed tunic. A similar band appears at the neck, bordering the deep V at the back and forming a panel down the front. On each hip a delicate tracery of diamanté adds that final touch of sophistication which is so noticeable a feature of all the advance models.

Some Fabric Novelties

HEAVY white English brocade, with a striking design of coral flowers and spreading green leaves, the whole woven on a hand loom, has just made its debut. It is used by Reville, of Hanover Square, for a charmingly youthful picture frock, innocent of all adornment, the richness of the fabric being sufficient in itself. Lace, tulle—especially the indestructible variety—muslin, fine crêpe, and georgette (the latter an old favourite whose return is very welcome) all play their part, satin being seen, as a rule, only in white and pastel shades. Wool voile, which is semi-transparent and very soft, is ideal for out-of-door party dresses, while Macclesfield tie silk is another novelty which has a very distinguished appearance.

Slenderness the Goal

THE one overwhelming impression created by the new dresses is that slenderness is more than ever the attribute which all women will covet beyond pearls or precious stones. Yet slimness without health is valueless, and too drastic exercise can prove extremely dangerous. A pleasant way of reducing one's weight, and improving one's health at the same time, may be indulged in at Phyllis Earle's salons at 32, Dover Street. This dual end is achieved by a course of gentle vibratory massage generated by the machine sketched on this page. The belt is moved slowly up the body, its action stimulating the circulation and bringing the blood to the surface.

A Notable Sale

IN the last days of the sale at the branch of the London Shoe Co. at 21-22, Sloane Street (which ends on February 1), prices will be as low as 10*s*. and 15*s*. We do not need to emphasise here the excellence of London Shoe Co. models. Nor is it necessary to add that every pair of shoes sold is genuine, *regular* stock.

Agatha clothes are delightful for children. The small boy here is wearing a blue cotton buster suit with a spotted top. Flower-patterned Tobralco is used for his companion's dress, which is piped with the predominant colour, the bigger girl being clad in a blue frock adorned with oblique rows of openwork embroidery

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DOGS

AT HOME AND OVERSEAS By "The Kennelman"

IT is meet that every Dog should have his day, and this (Wednesday) is the day of the Terriers, when they forgather in their battalions under the auspices of the National Terrier Club at the Crystal Palace for the Championship Show, benched and fed by Messrs. Spillers: a wonderful function for all admirers of the most widely popular little canine sportsmen. The corresponding event in France, by the way, was staged last month in Paris, as the Exposition Internationale, by the French branch of Spratts Patent, Ltd., for the amalgamated Amateur Clubs of Cairn, Skye, Scottish, Dandie Dinmont, and West Highland White Terriers. Parisian Fox Terrier enthusiasts (not to mention French owners of Airedales, Sealyhams, Kerry Blues, Irish and Bull Terriers and the rest) will need to look to their laurels.

AS in England, Dog-fancying has made great strides in France since the War (in Belgium and Holland also), and big-scale 1930 Shows have already been arranged for Lyons, Valence, Dijon, Aix-les-Bains, Evian-les-Bains, Magneux-Hauterive, and many other centres outside the capital. "La Défense," the French society for training Dogs for defence, will stage its concours de challenge in May for all clubs within an 80 kilometres range of Paris. A German judge recently stated that whilst England still breeds the finest Dogs, she falls behind Continental countries in the matter of canine training and education. And that's the more a pity because there are no Dogs that lend themselves quite so perfectly to training as the British Airedales, Gun-Dogs, Sheepdogs, Hounds and Terriers.

Two young visitors from U.S.A. who have already distinguished themselves in English company. These typical Wire-haired Terriers are the property of Mr. and Mrs. Bondy. They are hard to fault and should do well at the coming shows

OFFICIAL Kennel Club statistics for the past year will shortly be available, and though they are bound to show some little drop from 1928 in the registrations of pedigree Dogs, these will be well over fifty thousand. The biggest fall will probably be in Alsatians, whose position a year or so back was phenomenal. More surprising is the decrease in Airedales, whose sterling merits have so strongly commended them to police authorities and others in foreign lands. Withal, when one comes to review the doggy field as a whole, it is clear that 1929 was a year of very real progress and prosperity, and that '30 is likely to rival, if not actually to beat it. Cruft's next month promises to beat its own wonderful records as the world's biggest Show, and it's interesting to note that judges have been appointed for the Kennel Club's 69th Annual Show in October and the Ladies' Kennel Association's Show in May.

CORRESPONDENTS please note:—Cost of Dog registration, 2s. 6d. Registration and general doggy G.H.Q.: Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly. Address of Free Information Bureau: 40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3. Tail-Waggers' Club, National Dog Week Council, and World League for Dog Welfare: 37-38, Temple Chambers, E.C.4. Almost all breeds have their specialist clubs.

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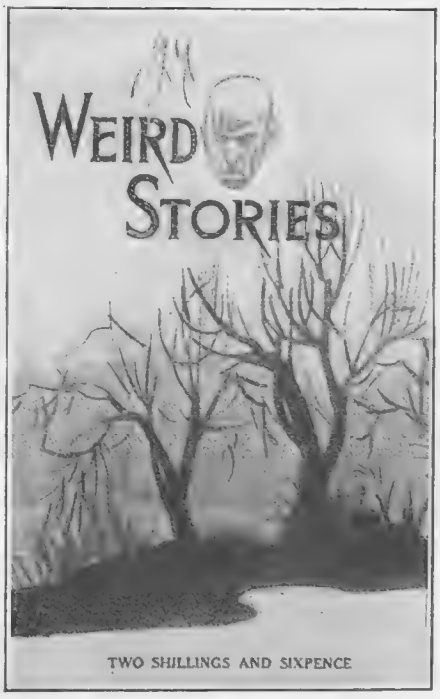

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Kidneys à la Brochette.

Partridges en Crepinette.
Salade.

Ices.

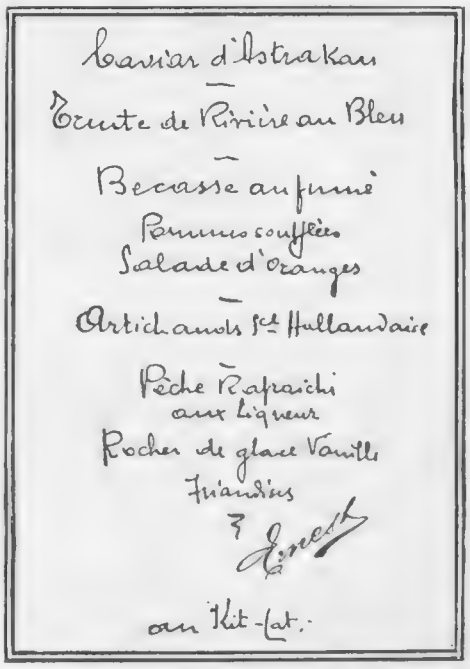
Café. Dessert.

Oyster Cocktail

A teaspoonful of vinegar, a few drops of lemon-juice, a drop or two of Tabasco sauce, and rather more of tomato ketchup to six oysters with all the liquor, well seasoned with salt and pepper. Mix all thoroughly together, and serve in champagne glasses.

Braised Red Mullet

Scale, wash and dry with a cloth, then flour the mullet and fry them in butter. Put into a stewpan half a pint of claret, grated nutmeg, mace and anchovy chopped fine, a little sliced ginger, three or four cloves, salt, and three or four slices of orange; when boiling add the fish and cover up the stewpan and stew quickly, turning the fish occasionally. When cooked, dish with sippets of fried bread and slices of orange. Lay the spices on and pour over a sauce made with butter and some of the liquor in which the fish was stewed. Garnish with grated bread crumbs.



The menu of a supper served at the Kit-Cat Restaurant in Haymarket. It has been signed by Ernest, the maître d'hôtel

Partridges en Crepinette

Bone a brace of partridges and prepare a stuffing composed of three fresh mushrooms chopped finely, two small tomatoes peeled and cut into fine shreds, ½ oz. of butter, a handful of breadcrumbs, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and seasoning. When this is well mixed fill the insides of the birds, then shape them nicely and truss in the usual manner. Line a braising pan with a few slices of fat bacon, half a sliced carrot, and a small peeled and sliced onion. Wrap each bird in a piece of fat bacon, then place them in the pan and roast them in a fairly hot oven for about thirty minutes. Baste frequently during the process of cooking. When done, take up the birds, remove the trussing, and cut each partridge into three or four slices, and range these neatly on to a hot dish. Pour away the fat in the pan in which the birds were cooked, and put in about a gill of rich brown sauce, also a small glass of Marsala or sherry. Boil up, skim, reduce a little, and strain the sauce over the slices of birds; then serve.

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"How Does Your Garden Grow?"

Now that the Christmas and New Year festivities have been left behind those who are interested in gardening will be turning their attention towards the selection of their seeds. For this they could not do better than consult the latest catalogue of Carter's Tested Seeds, Ltd. Although the original firm has been incorporated into a private company, the management remains unaltered, with the two partners as directors. As usual, therefore, their lists are well varied and equally alluring with the many coloured plates and photographs. Amongst their most popular items are the "Flaming June," "Sweet Seventeen," and "Porcelain" Sweet Peas, while the vegetable seed and general flower sections are as fascinating as ever. In addition it must be added that the firm will forward a copy to any address post free.

"Old Orkney"—An Appreciation

A Kensington reader writes: "As a regular reader of THE BYSTANDER I should like to express my appreciation, particularly of the Racing Feature by 'Old Orkney' — which has been marvellously successful so far this season — culminating with Polish Patriot, won at 20/1 on Saturday, January 11. I hope this feature will be continued indefinitely, as THE BYSTANDER will then cost me nothing! Good luck!—E. B. POLITZER."

BY HELEN MCKIE

A corner of the delightful Royal Hotel, at San Remo, on the Italian Riviera. It was sketched from the charming grounds of the hotel

A Handy Reference Book

The 1930 edition of the Royal Blue Book and Parliamentary Guide is as carefully contrived and informative as ever. It gives the names and addresses of the occupiers of the better class private houses in a large and extensive area, a telephone directory, a list of golf clubs, and a most useful survey of British and Continental hotels. In addition to this there are the usual tables of His Majesty's Household, Ministers, Consuls, and Government Offices, together with an excellent map of London. This useful volume can be had for the small consideration of 7s. 6d., and is published by Kelly's Directories, Ltd., 186, Strand, W.C.2.

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V. 61.

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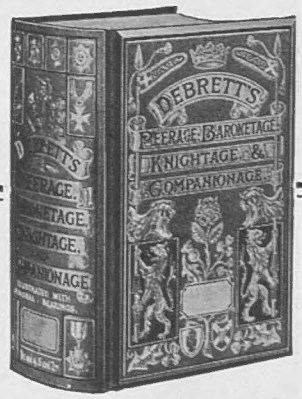

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"*Ayesha blew on his cheeks to keep them warm and repeated the Islamic prayers for the departing; she rubbed his hands, but he motioned her to desist. Then a few more incoherent prayers, and his head settled in death on his young wife's bosom*"

No. 9. AYESHA. The favourite wife of the Prophet MAHOMET.

Ayesha's influence grew. Before the Moslems became sufficiently strong to capture Mecca from the Pagans and thus establish Mohammedanism as a world religion, she organised a rebellion in the harem. The Prophet had accepted as a concubine a Coptic girl, Mary, young and comely —the two qualities in a woman which Mahomet never failed to appreciate. Unlike his other wives, Mary soon gave birth to a son, Ibrahim. It is true that she was not a slave, but that she had produced a direct heir to Islam exalted her to a station far above the other members of the harem. Ayesha's envy knew no restraint.

So long as Mahomet kept his proud concubine in her own pavilion all went tolerably well. One afternoon, however, in a sudden access of affection, he hurried her to the chamber of one of the legitimate wives; and here the two were discovered in amorous attitude. The news was immediately brought to Ayesha that the good name of the harem had been besmirched, whereupon she decided upon a General Strike. The doors of the harem were closed against the Prophet, and for a month he was compelled to seek solace with Mary in the distant pavilion.

At the end of this period he desired a change. Although he promised never to see the Coptic maid again, Ayesha and her co-strikers refused to accept him back. Then Mahomet was roused to a fury; he vowed to divorce his whole harem and take other wives to his bosom. This was something for which they had not bargained....

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